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3 real-life
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COVER: A real-life look with the country-weekend spirit—Gucci's luxe-y deerskin suède coatdress in a warm biscuity-tan, over an écru-and-tan snaffle-bit print silk shirt, hummingbird tie. Easy, classic, right on the button. All jewelry, Gucci. . . . More real-life looks for faces come from Frances Denney's new palette of glide-on, glow-on colors called Rain-Washed Gels—here, the Lip and Cheek Sheen Gels are in Pink Rain, the Eye Sheen Gelstick in Orchid Mist. The coiffure is by Franklyn Welsh.

FASHION

39 Vogue's Point of View: The Weekend Spirit
40–47 Clothes-plan for a City Weekend: The coat that goes over everything. Pants for day. The must-have dressing-gown. The raincoat that's more than a raincoat. The short dress —day and night plan. The big-city evening look
48–53 Sun Weekend—the clothes-plan: Bathing suits—in-and-out-of-the-water looks. Cover-ups—when it shines, when it rains. Short and bare by day. Long and bare at night
54–57 Country Weekend—the clothes plan: The life in pants—with shirts, jackets. The perfect country coat. Sweater-and-skirt dressing for evening
58 Vogue Patterns: Knitted pants suits in the weekend life
64–89 The Couture Look: Fashion news from the Spring Collections in Paris and Rome—and what's in it for you
96–99 Change in the Weather—the new raincoats

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

10 Beauty Checkout: Weekend beauty bag—just what you need; Weekend exercise—a non-conformist's way; In praise of the perm
12 Ready Beauty
90–93 International Beauty Bulletin—hair and makeup news for spring and summer
94 Fatigue: The Danger Signal You Can't Ignore. By Rosemary Blackmon

FEATURES

60 People Are Talking About . . . Paulette Goddard
62 What Women Really Talk About. By Phyllis Lee Levin
100 The Weekend Game . . . All the Players Win
102–109 American Weekend: A View from the Country with the Arthur Millers. By Lydia McClean
110 English Weekend: De-mythed. By Cecil Beaton
112 English Weekend: Sunday Breakfast. By Valentine Lawford

FASHIONS IN LIVING

37 Vogue Living: Wake-up a Weekend House
113 Breakfast Buffet, starring Silver

REGULAR FEATURES

8 Vogue Art. By Barbara Rose
16 Vogue Money. By Scott Burns
16 Vogue Movies. By Ann Birstein
20 Vogue Health. By Melva Weber
24 Vogue Notebook: Gala Weekend in Texas
26 Vogue Travel: Three-day Weekends. By Richard Orrick
30 Vogue Horoscope: Michael J. Mansfield. By Maria Elise Crummere
33–35 Vogue Observations
115 Vogue Food: Marchesa Catherine di Montezemolo. By Maxime McKendry
117 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

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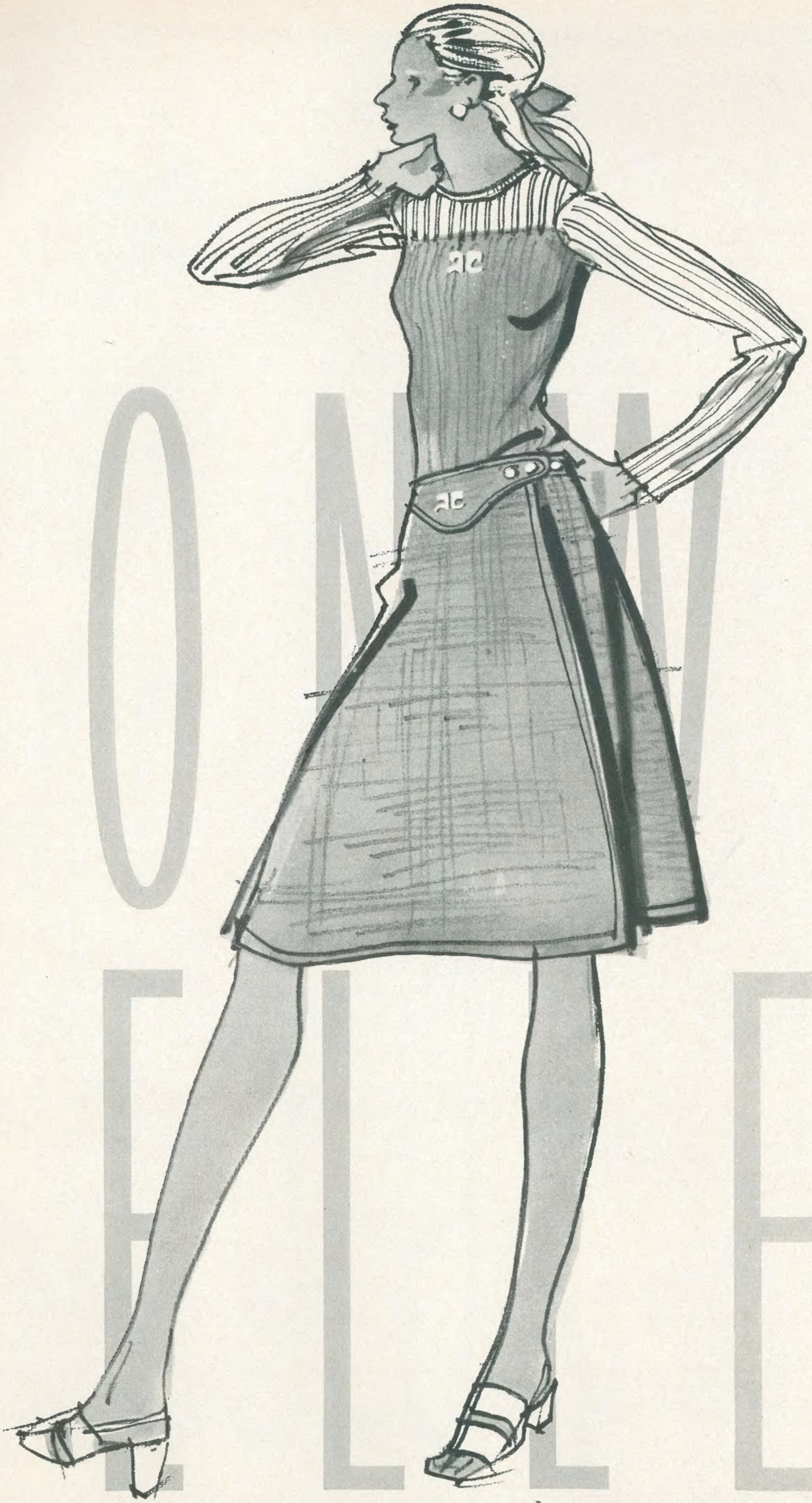


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VOGUE ART

"Buying happiness": THE EXTRAORDINARY LOUISE AND JOSEPH PULITZER, JR., COLLECTION

BY BARBARA ROSE

What is the difference between the patron and the collector? The art lover who buys but never sells, who plays a creative role by commissioning works and encouraging artists to explore new territory is a rarity in the modern period. The history of art is filled with the names of famous patrons; but most, with the exception of such rare men as Poussin's patron P.F. de Chantelou and Watteau's admirer Gersaint, were noble or ecclesiastical patrons, often buying with state or church funds. In our time, the great patrons have been such farsighted dealers as Vollard and Kahnweiler in Paris, Stieglitz in New York, and Herbert Walden in Berlin, who risked everything to show the public art that challenged prevailing academic taste.

Today's speculator who keeps the auction block hot can hardly be classed with such men. Yet there are still a few who care deeply for the art of their time, who have been both venturesome and constant. Dr. Albert C. Barnes, whose foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania, contains an extraordinary collection of Post-Impressionist, Fauve, and Cubist works, and Duncan Phillips, who turned his private home in Washington, D.C., into a public gallery, were exceptional in their personal involvement in the collections they formed. So is Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., whose acquisitions since 1958 were recently on view at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut.

Publisher of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and heir to a great publishing empire, Pulitzer has been collecting art since he was a student at Harvard. In his collection are a dizzying number of masterpieces by the greatest modern artists; Picasso, Matisse, Klee, and Miró, above all, are represented by many of their finest works. When Pulitzer buys, it is from love and conviction. "I always buy too late," he said of his recent purchase of paintings by Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman. "I follow my own instincts. I never get any bargains, because I wait until I see the work myself. Sometimes that takes a long time, and I pay high prices because I buy too late. But I don't mind, because I only buy to make myself happy and only works that will always excite me."

In his airy summer house, designed in the fashion of a Japanese wooden temple by a student of Frank Lloyd Wright, Pulitzer hangs some preferred works, including Monet's series of "Water Lilies" that appears to bring the greenery and water surrounding the open pavilion into the house itself. Constantly arranging and rearranging the paintings and sculpture that he circulates between his country estate and town house, Pulitzer spends a part of each day inspecting his collection, personally installing each piece as it arrives. For example, one sultry day last summer, he could be seen polishing a bronze head of Brancusi's "Mademoiselle Pogany III," intimately engaged with the work on a one-to-one basis.

Recently, Pulitzer has commissioned outdoor sculpture by Don Judd, which, because they are permanently installed and executed for a specific site, were unfortunately not in the exhibition. At first the effect of these sharply contemporary abstract works surrounded by the bronzes of Matisse, Maillol, and Rodin was jarring. Soon, however, they appeared as natural in their setting as the more familiar human figures. Pulitzer wrote the catalogue entry on Judd's stainless-steel topographical sculpture himself, describing the process by means of which the artist arrived at his conception. A box set askew inside a box that slopes following the incline of the lawn it occupies, the Judd sculpture, according to its owner, "head-on can be perceived as a flat plane; from an angle, as a geometric pattern or what in reality it is—an enclosure." In his essay, Pulitzer describes the pleasure of viewing the piece at different hours: "As I live with this presence I become more impressed daily with its solemnity and authority. It will 'bug' a lot of people, but in time they will appreciate its displacement of space, its scale, its austerity, and its definition of the land it occupies."

In these days of transience and throwaways, it is heartening to find a patron who not only understands what he is buying and can talk about it intelligently but who is not afraid of committing himself to permanence. Such a viewpoint is quite at odds with the "collector" who refused to buy a painting from an artist when he found out it was to be a ceiling fresco on the grounds that "you can't take it with you." No, you can't take it with you, but you can leave behind something enduring that expresses a loftier conception of art. ▼



Washington's new-old Renwick

Part of the glorious string of eleven museums that forms the Smithsonian Institution, the just opened Renwick Gallery, now perhaps the most important national museum chiefly exhibiting American craft and design, includes a re-creation of its original Gilded Age grand salon, *above*—draped, palmed, hung as it was in 1885—the first museum to put itself on exhibit.



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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Weekend beauty bag—just what you need

Less may not be more, but it can be enough—as our Incorrigible Beauty Buff found when she gathered up a weekend's-worth of makeup and fit it all into a trim little case (she had one she adored—canvas and leather by Gucci, 8″ x 6″ x 3″, with a Velcro top). Plan was, then, to just plunk the case into her regular handbag—no extra luggage for *her*—and live with it, work from it, day or evening. Surveying her needs, and the capacity of the little Gucci, she got it all together like this. . . .

- 6 Bonne Bell 1006 cleansing tissues in little foil pillows
- 4 Aziza eye-makeup-remover pads
- 4 Aziza eye-refresher pads

  } slipped into plastic envelope
- Grapefruit freshener from "I" in its own small bottle
- Mini-tube of Blistex (for chap-prone lips)
- Stendhal's Recette Merveilleuse, a night cream, in sample size
- Mink & Pearls bath-oil capsules in travel-pack size
- Almay's new little cylinder with 2 shades of eye makeup
- A bronzer for day, blusher for evening, both in small tubes
- Mascara in a slender wand; false eyelashes for Saturday night
- Peachy-coral lipstick for day; a more brilliant one for evening
- Helena Rubinstein's new foundation makeup in a flat compact
- Estée solid perfume in its postage-stamp-size container

Mission accomplished. Weekend was delightful, makeup and all. And this, of course, was her bag. It could be worked out other ways, with your own choices of makeup—whatever turns you, and your face, on. Point is to keep everything in dibs-and-dabs sizes, and keep it ready as a doctor's bag—when one weekend is over, refill and replace in time for the next one. Then you'll always have just what you need. And no more. . . .

Weekend exercise (horrors!)—a nonconformist's way

Her name is Helen Van Slyke, she's attractive and high-voltage, she's just given up her job as a vice-president in advertising to concentrate on book-writing, and she *abhors* exercise. Physical exertion, that is. Her idea of weekend activity is mental exercise, in which she indulges very successfully—having already produced one novel, *The Rich and the Righteous,* and recently finished another, both written on weekends. Her thoughts, here, on how to spend a profitable weekend. . . . "The best exercise is enjoying leisure, the relief from tension and telephones. A slowed-up tempo gives you time to catch up with beauty—luxurious bathing, manicures, pedicures, breakfast in bed." Her recommendations for Friday-to-Monday workouts (all to be done in a reclining position): "1. Move eyes gently left to right across the pages of a novel; when reading Chinese or Hebrew, adjust the instructions. 2. Keep eyes in closed position for 10 to 12 hours each night; supplement this with one or two daily naps. 3. Open eyes wide and roll them in horror if athletic companions suggest any form of physical activity." . . . What can we say? What could Marjorie Craig, or *anyone,* say? With all this anti-exercise, Mrs. Van Slyke is undeniably slender and trim. Some people have all the luck. . . .

In praise of the perm

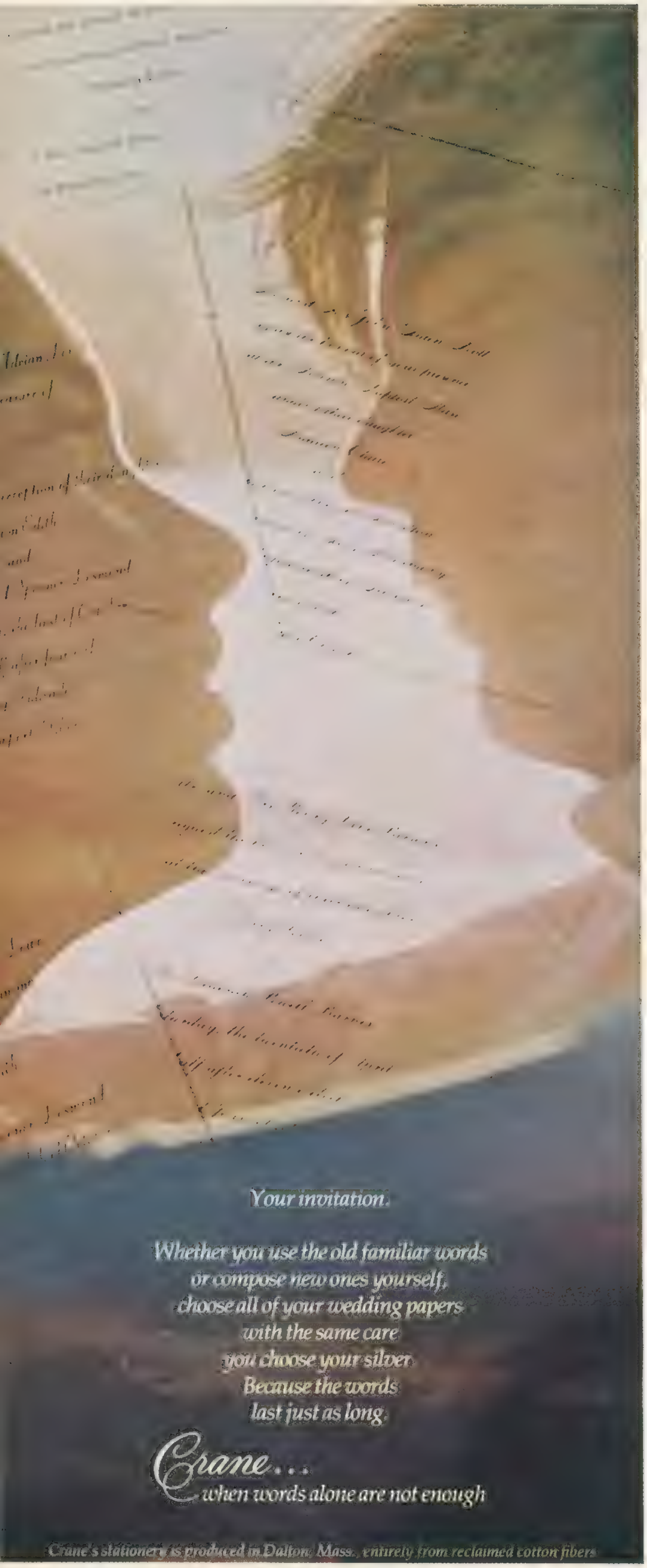
The permanent wave—improved now—is alive and well, and providing great new looks for some of our formerly straight-haired friends. One instance is a young actress whose reddish hair has been newly permed and re-styled in short curls by André, of Cinandre Coiffures, 21 East 57th Street, N.Y.C. "It's like having double-weight hair," she enthused, "and I can do it myself, all different ways. If I blow it dry with no set, I get a fabulous curly look all over, including bangs. Small rollers give me a headful of bouncy curls—good for the slink-clothes I like now but with lanky hair I looked awfully droopy. Sometimes I use large rollers for looser hair with dips and waves. But best of all—I only set it when I wash it, and it stays till the next washing. No more sleeping on rollers and pins. And I don't have to worry if it rains, because I'll just be curly and still look good." Easy then, as well as pretty. . . .



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VOGUE READY BEAUTY

New additions to famous beauty families

How did those big beauty-makers get so great? Surely by keeping ears tuned to what's wanted, what's needed, what's better. Thus, they keep developing new ideas, then expanding those ideas into new areas. Here, four cases in point. . . .

From Estée Lauder, more milky ways to beauty, adding to her Pure Milk Collection of naturally-good-for-you treatments for skin and body. Now, she has these news-makers to deliver: *Solid Milk Cleansing Grains,* a just-add-water mask that cleans, refreshes, gives a Grade-A glow. *Pure Milk Moisturizer,* a light milky lotion enriched with vitamins and apricot oil that's a good start for makeup. *Pure Milk Body Shampoo,* also milk-based, with vitamins and moisturizers; this makes a foamy bath, leaves skin velvety.

Germaine Monteil, who makes the moist of dry skin, now has two new ways to do it—both, additions to Acti-Vita, a branch of the family group that specializes in helps for dry skin. *Intensified Moisture Stick* is one, a little column of moisture in a swivel-case to stroke on anytime, wherever dryness hits hardest—usually around the eyes, lips, nostrils. The other Monteil news is a dry-skin mask in two parts—*Under-Masque Emollient,* a protective oil to smooth on first, and *Peel-Off Masque* to put on next. The combination leaves skin firmer, smoother, and moisturized as well.

Charles of the Ritz now lets us be Revenesced all over—with two new products based on the formula of their classic Revenescence, with which many women's faces have had love-affairs since the 1930's. Same idea now, secret ingredients and all, in two new forms—*Revenescence Soft-Body Lotion* and *Revenescence Protection Moisture for the Hands.* Both peach-colored, delicately fragrant, ever so smoothing, moisturizing. These, ready now in familiar-looking black-and-silver packages.

Coty's cleanser to outwit the two-faced skin, going along with a bright idea they had a year or so back: the Equasion formulation that gives you two treatment creams in one jar. One forms a center core, the other fills in around it, and together they allow for something now recognized as a common condition—the combination skin that needs different care on different areas. Their first cream-within-a-cream was a double-deal of nighttime moisturizer. Comes now *Equasion Duo Cleanser,* with a core of rich concentrated oil for dry areas around eyes, and a surrounding cream that's lighter-textured for the balance of the face that needs less oil but equal attention. Easy to distinguish—one white, one clear; as a team they work to resolve the differences in a face, let it put up a united front that's enviably fresh, clear, blooming.

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That's why an Olivetti girl has more fun.
And that is why people are saying such terribly nice things about her.

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VOGUE MONEY

Stock drama

–A LONG RUN FOR GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY SCOTT BURNS

Brokerage advertisements sometimes imply that investing in stocks is a means of participating in the Manifest Destiny of America. We also read the occasional pronouncements of Important Persons to the effect that they have seen the unfolding of God's most Hegelian will in the market growth of shares in Ralston Purina Company or Survival Technology, Inc. Most people take a less metaphysical view: *the end of all investment is increased net worth and purchasing power.* Just *when* this increased worth is to be realized and *who* is to spend it is another matter, usually decided in the company of the investor's lawyer and his conscience.

What constitutes a reasonable expectation for return on investment? Where are the lines between reason, optimism, and avarice?

Those given to moralizing might suggest that we could find those dividing lines in the characters of the players onstage: bulls, bears, swashbucklers, gunslingers, and computational Strangeloves. The travail of widows, orphans, and spinster aunts is announced by the distant but sincere voice of a regulated utility company asking for an increase in rates. Grey Prudent Men from trust departments play opposite Prodigal Sons and Remittance Men. When we listen closely, we notice that all these characters are reading the same lines: *the average return on the average stock is 9 percent. Regardless of the player, results tend to the average over the long term.*

Perhaps the most dramatic evidence of this truth is seen in the performance of mutual funds over the last decade. Mutual funds grew in number and variety and played upon a stage that expanded from seventeen to almost sixty billion dollars during the 'sixties. Management fees grew and now amount to more than 250 million dollars annually. Presumably this kind of money could lure the best talent available to the funds. And it did, as the troubled recruiters for the nation's banks and insurance companies unhappily admit.

The result, surprisingly enough, was that the mutual funds failed to outperform the market. A study made by The Twentieth Century Fund (a think-tank, not a mutual) revealed that mutual funds were hard pressed to do as well as random-market chance. Having been prepared for *Gone With the Wind,* we are finally offered something more like Andy Warhol's *Sleep.* Our world is a probabilistic one.

Most corporate enterprises are grouped around the national growth rate, about 5 percent, and pay a dividend of 3 or 4 percent a year. Investment performance is tied to corporate performance—which, in turn, is tied to the growth of the economy as a whole. The national economy, a matter of undeniable substance producing over a trillion dollars of goods and services annually, is a weighty object to move; growth in excess of 6 percent tends not only to be dangerous but often illusory. The odds against finding a company during its period of extraordinary growth and glory are long.

Nine percent, compounded, means that your investment will double every eight years. If you start with $25,000 you will likely have $38,500 at the end of five years, $59,200 after ten, $140,100 after twenty, and $785,200 after forty; with the probability improving with the length of the period. However, the figures given do not take into account state and federal taxes on dividends and on capital gains or loss of purchasing power owing to inflation.

Investment is a game for percentage players; the rewards for the other actors are psychological, not financial. ▼

VOGUE MOVIES

X, Y, and Elizabeth Taylor

–A DESPERATE PASSION WINS

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

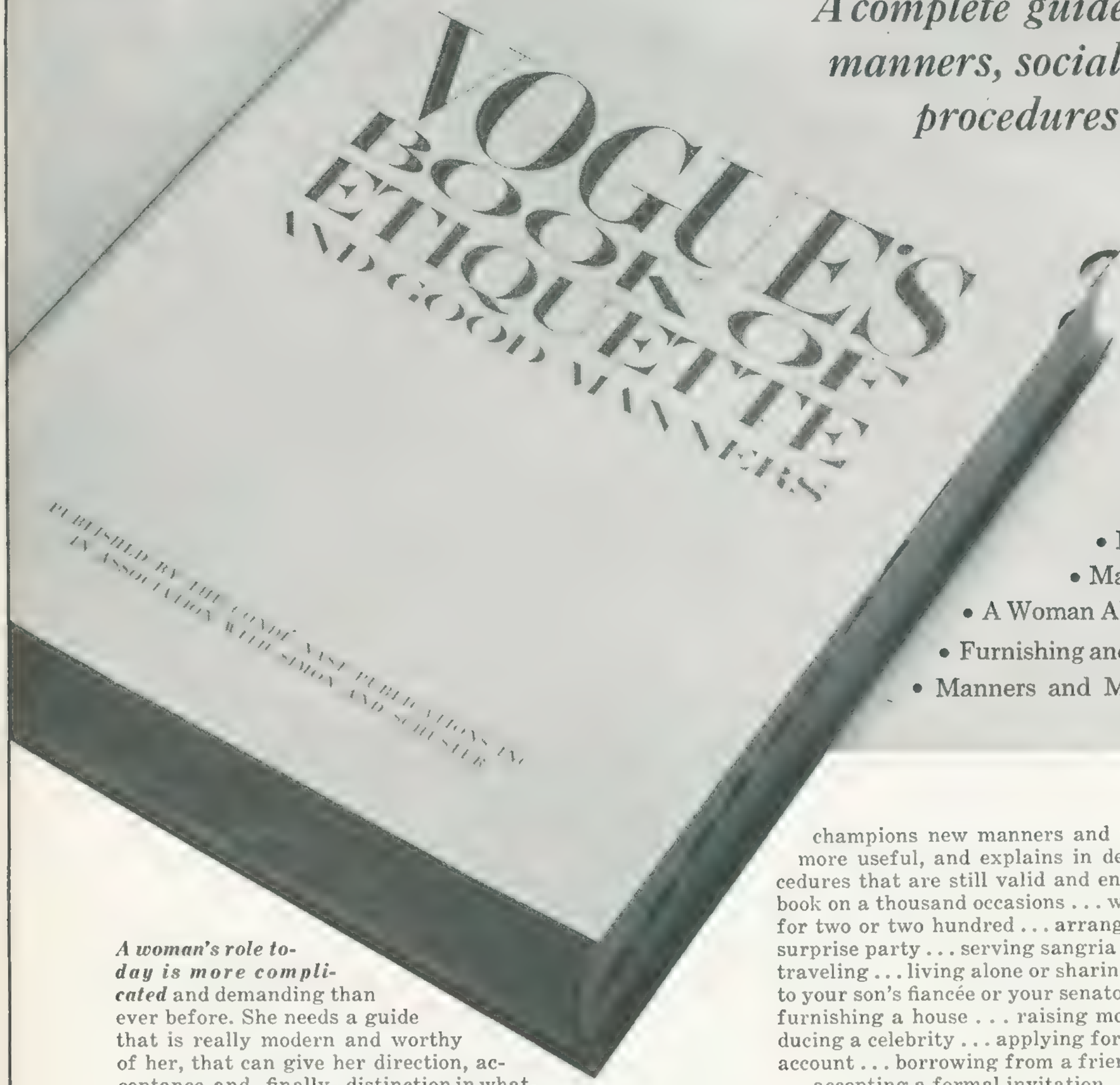
How does a sex symbol become pathetic? By gaining too much weight, overweight being even in adolescent girls a sure safeguard against arousing the passions; by concealing a notoriously beautiful face with extra chins, horrendous green eye shadow, wildly curly hairdos; by choosing parts so bitchy she's practically a camp virago; by confusedly mouthing literary lines in an English accent that seems to go as soon as it comes; by shouting, carrying on, wearing dresses like spangled tents, and in general suggesting a background of spoiled prima donna and that the drinks that everybody is knocking back in her latest movie are only too real. All this you could say about Elizabeth Taylor in *X Y & Zee* and be absolutely right. And also dead wrong. Because pathos, the kind of wild bitter pathos that's at the heart of maybe every marriage, even the brittle sophisticated one portrayed here, is exactly what's needed, and by God the lady brings it off.

How she does it is an even wilder mystery, since—far from being the love object or even the other woman—Elizabeth Taylor is here technically the wronged wife. That's how sophisticated this story is, a tale of a London trio: a famous architect married to a gorgeous crazy wife—"fun people," they are—who meets a lovely ladylike blonde at a party and immediately falls in love with her. The dialogue, since this is an original screenplay by Edna O'Brien, is so literary and *verbal,* you can almost see the script on the page. Will they be able to handle it? Obviously not. Yet they all plow in with such a will that they really do carry it off. There is Michael Caine, as the architect, half worldly-wise, half sneaky-Cockney, with the heavy-lidded bewilderment of a man caught in a trap of his own devising. If his wife and his mistress were drowning, whom would he save? "My wife, because my mistress would understand." Susannah York as his lady-love, blond, pretty, a quiet widow, owner of a small boutique. "No, neither of them would understand." And finally our heroine, fighting tooth and nail (and of course with everything else besides) for this man she is absolutely wedded to and whom she is determined to keep. To her rival, sweetly, who happens to be the mother of nine-year-old twin boys: "*Twins*? Did you breast feed them? . . . I read about a sheep dog who had fourteen puppies and only twelve tits."

Now, for private reasons, I would certainly tend to favor any ladylike blonde over any sluttish brunette. But in fact the blonde here, by design and artistry, gets more and more whey-faced, while the virago gets more and more moving. To repeat: Elizabeth Taylor certainly does everything wrong. She pops and strains out of her brassière, pops and strains at everything else, delivers her lines in that English accent that waxes and wanes. Sometimes she even makes the mistake of looking purely beautiful. Yet what she does evoke is a kind of sexual desperation, the desperation that literally does make married couples scream and tear each other apart. It isn't hard to imagine her fiercely dependent on the love of a man, baby-like without it. For Zee's trump card against the mistress, we must refer to Susannah York in *The Killing of Sister George.* As a convincing lesbian Elizabeth Taylor does have her shortcomings. But then you can't have everything. Which in this case is probably all for the best. ▼

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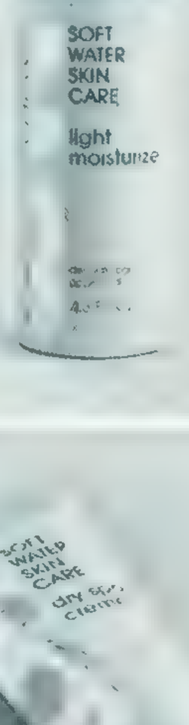
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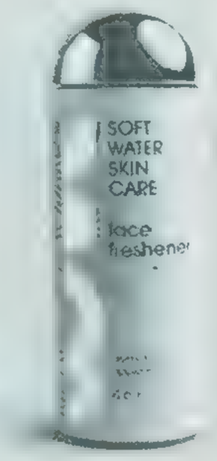
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VOGUE HEALTH

Medical surprises: TALK ABOUT OPERATIONS; MASSIVE VITAMIN DOSES; CUBED MINI-MEALS; MORE FOOD FOR MOTHERS; OTHER NEWS

BY MELVA WEBER

Talking is part of healing

after surgery, in the opinion of a psychiatrist, Dr. William F. Fry, Jr., who is a professor at Stanford University's medical college. All those yawn-worthy bits about the hours spent on the table and the number of stitches that one hears from otherwise fascinating people are for them emotional necessities. Reciting the facts helps the post-operative patient to regain mastery of his own life and body after surrendering totally to others' control and also to erase the deep primitive fears that surgery rouses in us all—admit it or not. The patient's childlike concern about the scar, the see-able, touch-able part of a profound event ("Never mind how my heart works now; how does this incision look?"), is just as natural and important. So bear with the operation-gabber gladly; and when you undergo cut-and-stitch repair, talk about it.

Mega-vitamins for mental health

are the prescription of Dr. David R. Hawkins, a psychiatrist who directs the North Nassau Mental Health Center in Manhasset, New York. Dr. Hawkins believes that chemical lacks in the body cells—not babyhood traumas—are the most important factors in causing schizophrenia. His treatment of schizophrenic patients with massive doses of vitamins B_3, B_6, C, and E, compared with the Center's previous experience, has resulted, he said, in twice as many recoveries, half as many hospitalizations, and almost no suicides (suicide is twenty-two times more frequent among schizophrenics than in the general population). Used this way, vitamins become medications, not nutrients. Dr. Hawkins and Nobel Prize winner Dr. Linus Pauling—who told how he hits the common cold with massive doses of vitamin C in his last book—have written of the new vitamin uses in Orthomolecular Psychiatry: Treatment of Schizophrenia. Their book will be published this year by W. H. Freeman and Company, San Francisco.

In kinder-garten, building-block drinks:

Dr. Jack L. Smith of Tulane University in a seven-month study tried serving a group of five-year-olds a daily fruit-flavored drink stepped-up with Nutricubes, micronutrients in a handy shape. The cubes contained only one-quarter of the children's daily requirements of vitamins A, B_2, B_6, C, folic acid, calcium, phosphorus, iron, and the amino acids lysine and tryptophan. Some of the group's classmates were given specially designed breakfasts and lunches; others got snacks, milk, and fruit drinks without Nutricubes. When the testing was over, the cube-drink children showed improved protein metabolism, though they hadn't eaten extra protein. The protein fractions (amino acids) in their drinks had filled gaps in the proteins they did eat. The little blocks had built up the children's vitamin and mineral levels, too.

It's more fun to be pregnant,

now that doctors have decided to let women "eat for two," as their great-grandmothers did. When experts found that too much weight gain on the mother's part could make delivery more difficult, obstetricians started scowling at patients who gained more than twelve or fifteen pounds. Now, scientists who have studied the results of that regime have found that in some cases the babies' nutrition suffered. The National Academy of Sciences through its National Research Council has advised that a woman may gain as much as twenty-four pounds during pregnancy, provided that she starts with a good trim figure.

A tryout in paradise

proved disastrous for the subjects of a study made by scientists at the National Institute of Mental Health: they established four pairs of mice in a miniature Eden, with supplies and space to support as many as 4,000 animals. The first settlers explored, built nests, set up a social order, and bore young. Population doubled every fifty-five days. When the number reached 620, the growth rate slowed down and social problems appeared. Older mice held all important positions; young ones had no place to go. Females aborted their young. Cannibalism began. Nest-building declined. Males became social dropouts. Biochemical tests showed that many animals, though inactive, were suffering from severe stress. When the population reached 2,200—only about half the capacity of the environment—all reproduction stopped, society deteriorated. Only 560 mice are left, there are no new births, and not a mouse shows any inclination to rebuild their society.

You were born to love,

to hate, to fear, said Dr. Allyn C. Deets, whose research at the University of Pittsburgh on rhesus monkeys showed that the basic emotions were innate in the babies and developed in sequence even without social stimulation. At birth, the infant monkeys were capable of affection; they could feel fear at about three months; aggressiveness came at the end of the first year. Dr. Deets thinks human emotions also come along as a baby's nervous system develops; no matter how the child is raised, he has the range of human emotions.



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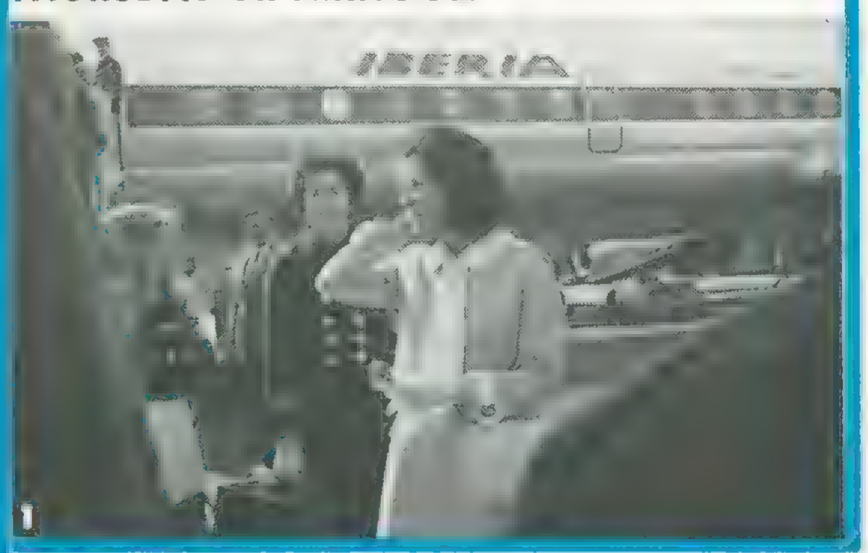
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VOGUE NOTEBOOK

A Texas weekend

A gala weekend in Texas would just have to be like this—grand, open-hearted, on a scale with those big skies, and never a second that one is not being amazed by the most beautiful women, houses, art, and jewels: never

THURSDAY AFTERNOON



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THURSDAY EVENING


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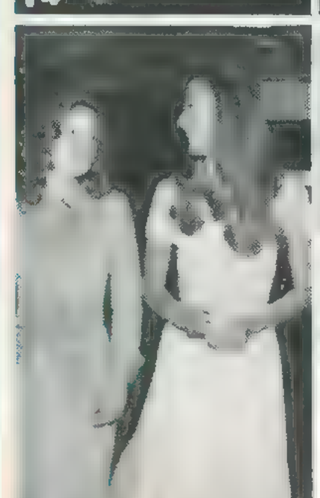
FRIDAY EVENING


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a second that one is not being generously entertained in a way that turns a football game into a champagne and caviar picnic for the spectators and at brunches with Texas hot cakes—vodka laced with pepper and gunpowder. . . . One particularly dazzling Dallas weekend centered on the annual Crystal Ball (this one was a salute to Spain). Herewith, the plot:

SATURDAY BRUNCH



19



20

SATURDAY AFTERNOON



21



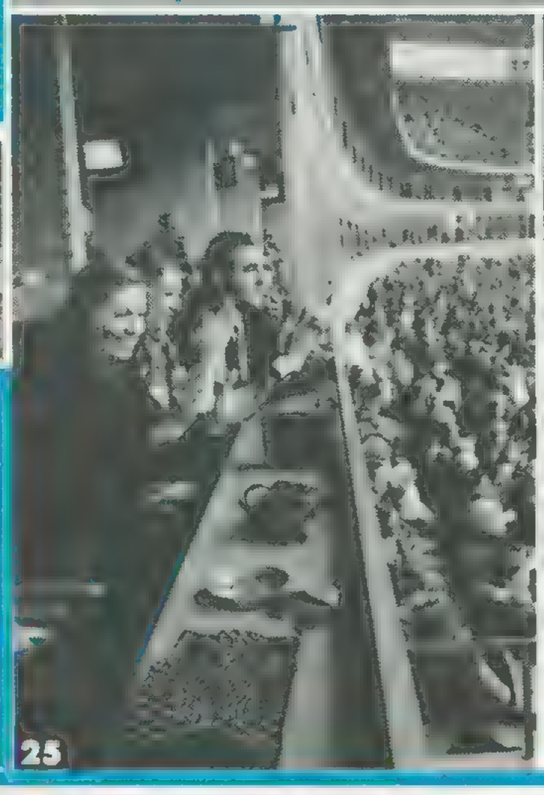
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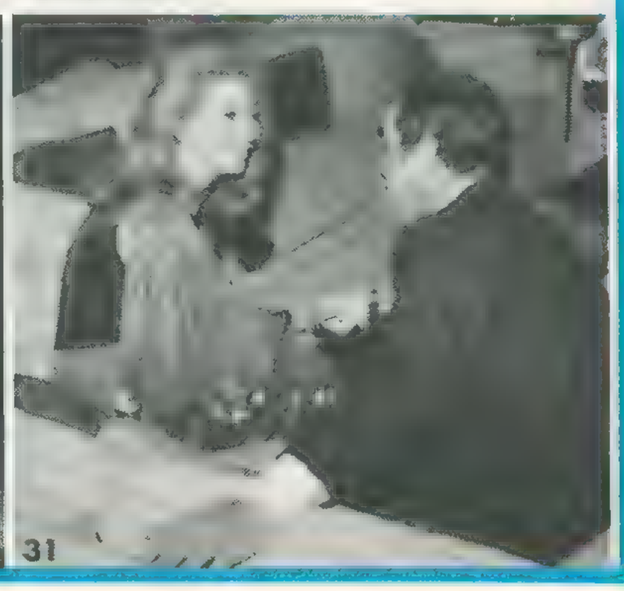


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SATURDAY EVENING



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SUNDAY



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1. Marquesa de Villaverde, daughter of Generalissimo Franco, arrives with other Spanish guests by jet at Love Field. Other out-of-towners came on private and commercial jets. . . . *2.* Dinner Thursday evening at the Algur H. Meadows' big traditional house filled with modern art. A great crystal chandelier reflected in the solaruim pool; around it, tables for 120. *3.* Mrs. A. Pollard Simons. *4.* Mrs. Harding L. Lawrence in a silver-pailletted Galanos gown. . . . *5.* Mrs. Meadows in black chiffon. . . . *6.* Marquesa de Villaverde, Mr. Meadows. . . . *7.* Mariola Martinez-Bordiú, daughter of the Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde. . . . *8.* Mrs. W. Horace Schmidlapp. . . . *9.* Condesa Aline de Romanones. . . . *10.* A guest from New York, Mrs. Antonio Muñoz, chic in spangled black crêpe pyjamas. . . . *11.* A view of the sculpture garden on the Meadows' lawn with a large work by Henry Moore. . . . *12.* Friday night's Crystal Ball at the Fairmont Hotel—a salute to Spain with music by a TUNA singing group from Madrid. Mrs. A. Pollard Simons, ball chairman, wearing one of the troubador's hats, with Mr. Charles A. van Rensselaer. . . . *13.* Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hunt, seated; Mrs. Lamar Hunt. . . . *14.* Mrs. H. Loy Anderson, a guest from Palm Beach. . . . *15.* Conde Luis de Romanones, Mrs. Muñoz. . . . *16.* Another of the guests from Madrid, leather designer Mitzou with Mariola Martinez-Bordiú. . . . *17.* Michelle Simons. . . . *18.* Mrs. Lawrence, this time in Givenchy pale-orange silk gazar, Mrs. A. Pollard Simons. *19.* Mrs. Helen Van Etta's brunch at Brook Hollow Country Club—Mr. and Mrs. Barron U. Kidd and their daughter. . . . *20.* Mrs. Muñoz shares a makeup secret with Mrs. Meadows. . . . *21.* After brunch, a football game with the Dallas Cowboys playing at Murchison Stadium. Guests make their way up to the 200 glass-enclosed private boxes which ring the stadium. Air conditioning, carpeting, closed-circuit color T.V. showing the game in progress, champagne, caviar, and pâté are features of the boxes. . . . *22.* Deborah and Karen Brewer. . . . *23.* Mr. Clint W. Murchison, Jr., in his box. . . . *24.* The stadium at half time. . . . *25.* Mitzou, Michelle Simons, Antonio Muñoz watch the game. . . *26.* Mrs. Simons, Mr. Muñoz. . . . *27.* Mr. and Mrs. Muñoz. . . . *28.* Dinner at Clint W. Murchison, Jr.'s modern house with beautiful indoor Japanese gardens—Mitzou. . . . *29.* Mrs. Muñoz. . . . *30.* Mrs. Perle Mesta. . . . *31.* Mrs. Simons, Mr. Muñoz. . . . *32.* On Sunday, guests wind down with relaxed parties on their hosts' ranches to which they fly or drive from the city. . . .

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VOGUE TRAVEL

Three-day weekends

—MINI-VACATIONS AROUND THE COUNTRY

BY RICHARD ORRICK

The three-day weekend means a three-day vacation with travel time stripped to a minimum. The major American cities listed below—plus Mexico City, Mexico, and Montreal, Canada—are short trips most-wheres. Cities within reasonable traveling distance are suggested, as well as information about what to do, where to eat, and where to stay. (Names of cities preceded by an asterisk are part of two- or three-night packages, including hotels and sight-seeing, offered by Eastern Air Lines.)

***ATLANTA:** (from New York, Miami, Dallas) No longer Scarlett O'Hara's turf but the fastest-growing city on the Eastern Seaboard with an azalea-and-dogwood springtime.
What to do: Tour by car the Buckhead section of Atlanta, with some of the most beautiful houses in America; try Theatre Atlanta Off Peachtree, often controversial, always riveting; visit The High Museum of Art, small but with some spectacular lesser wonders from the Samuel H. Kress collection, and the Aronson Gallery-Midtown, with its stable of the best of Southern artists.
Where to eat: Justine's; Château Fleur de Lis; and—in Underground Atlanta and reconstructed from the 'nineties—the Rue de Paris.
Where to stay: The Regency Hyatt House, an architectural fantasy; the Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel.

***BOSTON:** (from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit) Still the most restrained of American cities with its own secret pleasures, the hub of good music and a fascinating round of theater, exhibitions, and lectures provided by Harvard, M.I.T., and Boston University.
What to do: The Boston Symphony Orchestra; the Harvard Yard; the Museum of Fine Arts with Claude Monet's series of paintings of haystacks; Beacon Hill with its splendid houses; the Common at twilight; the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, an extraordinary and eccentric art palace, a museum that includes Titian's "Rape of Europa," which some art historians say is the one most important painting in America; the nearby towns of Lexington and Concord, by car; the shops on Newbury Street; Hayden Gallery at M.I.T. and the Institute of Contemporary Art; the shows trying out for Broadway.
Where to eat: Locke-Ober, posh Victorian; the dining room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel; the Athens Olympia Café, great, Greek, in the theater section; Durgin-Park, hearty and not strictly for tourists. The dockside seafood restaurants are not what they once were.
Where to stay: Ritz-Carlton, perhaps the finest grand hotel left in America; Sheraton-Boston.

CHICAGO: (from New York, Atlanta, Washington, Dallas) Perhaps the most remarkably American of cities, with earnest charm and a share of brashness—a superb city for a weekend.
What to do: Drive up the shore of Lake Michigan toward Evanston; visit the Robie House designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the most original in America, near the University of Chicago campus; walk the streets of Old Town, a faulty restoration with a persistent life of its own; sample the breakaway exhibitions at the Museum of Contemporary Art; see the remarkable collections of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art, given chiefly by Chicago collectors, at The Art Institute of Chicago.
Where to eat: Maxim's de Paris, the dining room of the Astor Tower Hotel; the Pump Room of the Ambassador East.
Where to stay: Palmer House; The Drake.

(Continued on page 28)



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VOGUE TRAVEL

(Continued from page 26)

MEXICO CITY: (from New Orleans, Dallas, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles) The excitement of a foreign country a skip and a jump away, with amazements for the eye that reach back before Columbus: the National Museum of Anthropology, crammed with Amerindian art, and with an extraordinary huge fountain at its center, is worth a trip in itself.
What to do: The craft shop at the Museo Nacional de Artes e Industrias Populares with its primitive religious objects in *papier-mâché;* the Lagunilla Market, the flea market with its singsong street cries that go back to the Aztecs; on Sunday, the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco.
Where to eat: For unrelentingly Mexican food, Fonda El Pato, small; Mexicans go for Mexican food to the Mexican restaurant in the Hotel Fiesta Palace and the one in the Hotel Camino Real; La Hacienda de los Morales; the Del Lago in Chapultepec Park.
Where to stay: Hotel Camino Real; Hotel El Presidente.

***MONTREAL:** (from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit) Floating in parks, filled with a surprising eighteenth-century serenity italicized by the clop-clop of the horses drawing *calèches.*
What to do: Take long walks, particularly in the Botanical Gardens and Mount Royal park, at the center of the city, once a volcano; visit the Museum of Fine Arts with its exquisite collection of paintings by early parish priests; dance at Le Cercle, three rooms in an eighteenth-century stone house, formerly a convent.
Where to eat: Restaurant Hélène de Champlain, with its sixteenth-century Norman décor and Norman fireplace; Ben's, a delicatessen where pastrami is called *boeuf fumé.*
Where to stay: Château Champlain; Bonaventure; Sheraton Mount Royal.

NEW ORLEANS: (from Atlanta, Miami, Dallas, Chicago) The French Quarter and Garden District, both up to rosy rumors, with a Tabasco dash of the excitement of port cities like Naples and Marseilles.
What to do: The French Quarter with eyes open for the small hidden gardens; the New Orleans Museum of Art with its splendid rare doors painted by Paul Gauguin.
Where to eat: Caribbean Room of The Pontchartrain for Creole food; for breakfast, Brennan's Restaurant; Café du Monde Coffee Stand; Galatoire's Restau rant; Masson's Restaurant Français; LeRuth's; The Bon Ton.
Where to stay: Prince Conti; The Pontchartrain; Sheraton Charles; and the new Le Pavillon, tops, outside the French Quarter.

***NEW YORK:** (from Miami, Atlanta, Chicago, Washington, D. C., Boston) In spite of everything, the one city in the world to visit, particularly in the spring when Central Park has begun to bloom and the sidewalks are full of people.
What to do: Choose one part of New York on which you want to concentrate—theater, art, even movies—and build your weekend around it or divide Manhattan into sections and concentrate on one of them—Chinese, perhaps, or Italian.
Where to eat: Your choice, but the first-run of French restaurants—La Caravelle, La Côte Basque, La Grenouille, Le Pavillon—are among the glories of the Western hemisphere. But try the unexpected, La Petite Ferme, a tiny restaurant in the Village; or the expected, Elaine's, a celebrity perch in the East Eighties.
Where to stay: The Pierre; The Carlyle; The Plaza; St. Regis Sheraton; Sheraton Russell Hotel.

SAN FRANCISCO: (from Los Angeles, Seattle, Phoenix, Denver) With its restaurants and shops facing west to the East.
What to do: Ghirardelli Square, a notable experiment in urban planning with a splatter of fascinating stores; Gump's for jade; the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum and its Avery Brundage collection of Oriental art; the Barbary Coast, the first American Bohemia.
Where to eat: Alexis; Jack's; Blue Fox; Yamato Sukiyaki House, the best Japanese restaurant; Amelio's; Ritz Old Poodle Dog, for delicious, simple French food.
Where to stay: Fairmont Hotel; Mark Hopkins Hotel; San Francisco Hilton; Hotel Miyako. ▼



Paradise is the place to lose...
or gain...or stay the same.

Behold the temptations of Paradise.





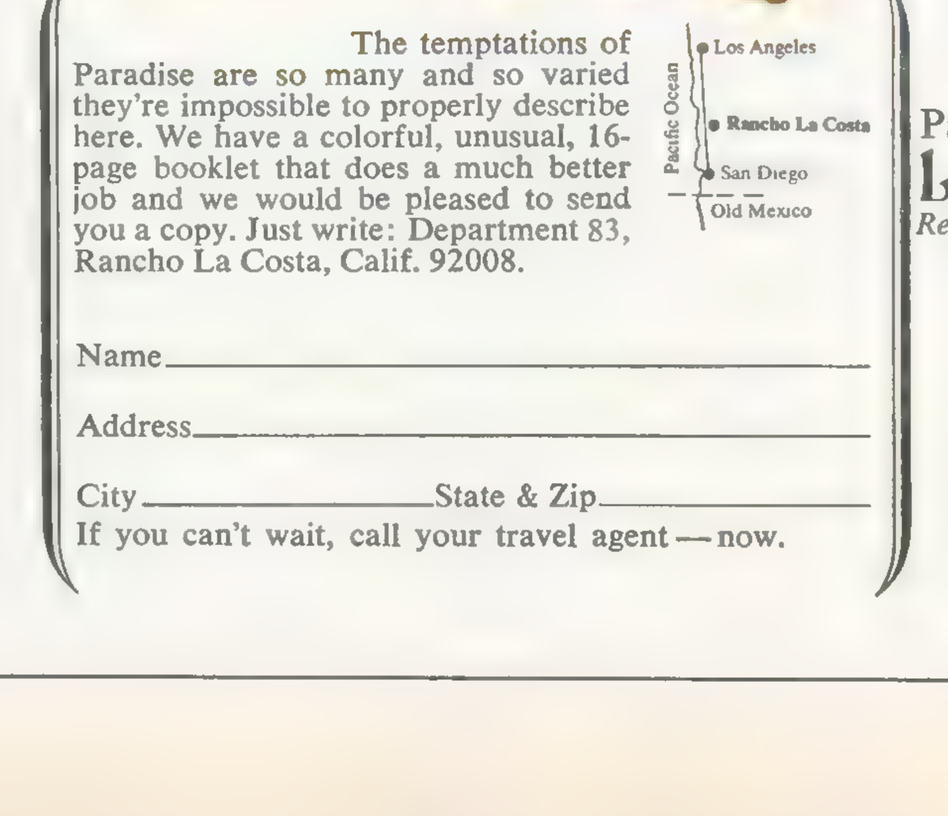
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The temptations of Paradise are so many and so varied they're impossible to properly describe here. We have a colorful, unusual, 16-page booklet that does a much better job and we would be pleased to send you a copy. Just write: Department 83, Rancho La Costa, Calif. 92008.

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City_____ State & Zip_____

If you can't wait, call your travel agent — now.

Paradise found!
LA COSTA
Resort Hotel & Spa

VOGUE HOROSCOPE

FROM MARCH 15 THROUGH MARCH 31

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



MICHAEL J. MANSFIELD, the senior Senator from Montana, was born March 16, 1903, with a strong emphasis in his own sign: not only the Sun but Mercury and lucky Jupiter were in Pisces, indicating an abundance of effective ideas to be circulated. On his chart, the Sun and Uranus are squared, showing unique ways to bring about innovations. With the Moon in resourceful Scorpio and also in a square (dynamic) to Saturn in Aquarius (government), he would insist on enforcing the law for public advancement. Uranus and Venus in trine indicate charm and ease in his advocacy of excellence in solving the people's problems.

ARIES, March 21–April 19. Aries radiates his essential identity and creates a feeling of well-being. He makes others feel more alive. You may feel walled-in now; because your ruler, Mars, is in the rigid sign of Taurus. But the peace and charm of Venus have joined your Mars there; love can come to you now along with a new interest in art and all things beautiful. You attract prosperity without seeking it; it finds you.

TAURUS, April 20–May 20. The desire to own, possess, or accumulate is strong now while your ruler, Venus, is in your own sign. Mars in your sign, too, forces aggressive urges that drive you doggedly in all directions to appease your hunger for financial success and for the acquisition of possessions. Each sign of the zodiac displays its natal traits most strongly when the ruling planet is in its own sign.

GEMINI, May 21–June 20. No sign enjoys the exercise of the mind more than Gemini. Your ruler, Mercury, now in Aries, an aggressive sign, awakens you to change and mental development. Since Saturn is in your own sign, the sense of responsibility is aroused; you feel it is time to act. Saturn rules history; you would be right in expecting your efforts to be fruitful. This is a period of accomplishment.

CANCER, June 21–July 22. You prefer domestic quiet and are vulnerable to disturbance; any intrusion is felt as deeply personal. With Mercury on one side (in Aries), Uranus on the other (in Libra), and Jupiter opposite (in Capricorn), the wheel of destiny is spinning all around you. Choices must be made. The time to act on new opportunities is imminent. Respond now, or you will miss your chance in new ventures.

LEO, July 23–August 22. You have the ability to communicate freely and will do so on another's emotional plane. You easily create a climate of joy. Your ruler, the Sun, in Water the first week makes you too subjective; but with seven planets activated for your sign, many choices are open now. Two planets are in Fire signs, for love; three are in Earth signs, for gain; two are in Air signs, to circulate your ideas.

VIRGO, August 23–September 22. You like a down-to-earth atmosphere to suit your daily self-development; you work to keep the mood tuned to productive work. Two Earth signs, Taurus and Capricorn, form an agreeable trinity with your sign now, making this time suitable to adjustments on three levels: Jupiter in Capricorn, plan ideas; Mars in Taurus, travel to sell; Venus in Taurus, produce. All would succeed.

LIBRA, September 23–October 22. Libra is the most inert of the twelve signs; Librans need partners or mates to complement their self-appraisals and to get them started. Accomplishment depends on harmonious relationships. With Uranus well placed in your sign, results may be overwhelming. At the new moon, Mercury in your opposite sign, Aries, brings new associates to stimulate, to sort out, and to bring new ideas.

SCORPIO, October 23–November 21. The struggle to gain power is deeply founded in the Scorpio. You will look for responsibility, and you are realistic about motives. Mars and Venus in your opposite sign, Taurus, now should excite your interest in new friends. One will bring new benefits; another could bring love. The first week is the productive period, the new moon; avoid too much spending on social events.

SAGITTARIUS, November 22–December 21. The gambler in Sagittarians seeks to pick the winning ideas. Jupiter, your ruler, now in Capricorn, a serious and useful sign, slants you toward practical accomplishment. The first week the new moon influences two associates to work with you. One has promotional expertise; the other knows those in influential positions. Tone down your enthusiasm; don't promise too much.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 20. It means much to the conscientious Capricorns to feel public approval of their professional capacity. You extend your interest to the ambitions of others and like to push them along. With Jupiter in your sign now, work toward personal satisfactions, give yourself a longed-for adventure. The new moon suits such planning; work carefully, even if the action may come at a later date.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 19. The belief that Aquarians live only for their many friendships is erroneous. They are more interested in big causes than they are in individuals. Now that your ruler, Uranus, is in the civic-justice sign of Libra, you will step up the action in seeking justice for other people. The first week of the period is best; both weeks bring friends who will bring you energy and guidance.

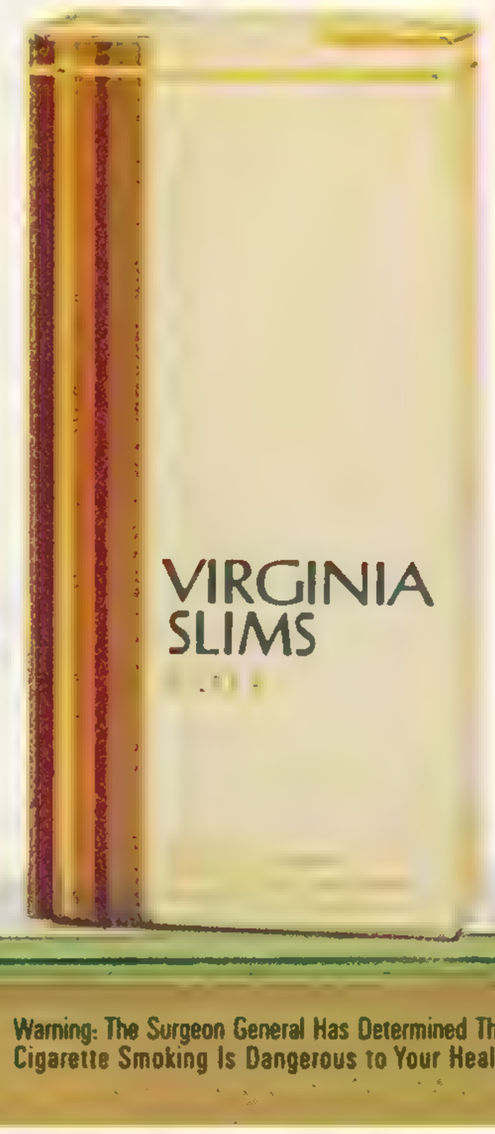
PISCES, February 20–March 20. Pisceans are constantly struggling to awaken to the unknown in themselves, to understand and become free. In this period, with your ruler, Neptune, in Fire Sagittarius—an objective, extroverted sign—you will have an opportunity to disperse the fog of self-doubt. The first week is a good time to start by communicating, since Mercury, the speaker, in Fire Aries is harmonious to your ruler.

Crouching behind an oak, secure from the view of others, Allison (A) laughed to herself as she thought how shocked Judith (B) and Rebecca (C) would be if they ever found out she smoked cigarettes.

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke



Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

Fashions by Gunther for Project 2.

The Silver Martini.
For people who want a silver lining
without the cloud.



Smirnoff Silver

Ninety point four proof. Smirnoff leaves you breathless®

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

News: the dazzling accessory

Set for the spring into summer? Beautifully, thanks, with personal, sexy touches you will want to add in your way to everything you wear . . . the cascade of pearls, the silk flower, the lacquery narrow belt, the clinking cuffs of bracelets you will never be without, the sexy high-heeled sandal . . . all strong statements in fashion this summer—Your summer. . . .





ROME:

In the evening, faux flowers everywhere you look—Audrey Hepburn Dotti pins a nosegay of silk lilies-of-the-valley at the throat of her high-collared chemises . . . Pilar Crespi pulls a brilliant red silk poppy through the ankle-strap of her black satin sandal . . . Contessa Leslie de Carpegna pins jonquils on the shoestring straps of her black dinner dress . . . Marchesa Sandra Verusio sews the creamiest white camellia to the shoulder strap of her pink satin evening bag . . . Principessa Laudomia Hercolani sews her pink camellia on a slash of black elastic, wears it as a belt.



The little touches:

Never more important than now. . . . This is how it went at Valentino—clothes drenched in feminine nuances. Top left, a cascade of luscious pink pearls on a ravishing ivory chiffon-and-lace chemise; top right, a fluttery pink silk rose at the waist of a daring black chiffon dress. . . . At Saint Laurent, soignée, seductive clothes finished to perfection with a bit of shimmer somewhere. **1.** A rope of creamy pearls and a twist of silver-and-white beads for a scarlet dress. **2.** Wrist cuffs of navy enamel edged in silver metal; in between, a squared sliver of silver and, **3,** a tailored belt of silver kid for a navy chiffon evening dress. Sexy high-heeled sandals in, **4,** black patent or, **5,** silver kid, black satin heels. . . . **6.** Marisa Berenson always gets the message—pearls, wrist cuffs.











HELMUT NEWTON

'Here's Looking At You.'™
We hesitate to use the word sexy,
but that's what it is.





If you've got the nerve, we've got the bra.

Low, low cut with a wisp of an underwire to bring out all the woman in you. And a soft shimmer of Antron* all over like little bits of stardust.

You can get it in smooth tricot with a breath of fiberfill for subtle shaping and with convertible stretch straps for a regular or halter back.

Or there's one you can fill out beautifully all by yourself because it stretches all over for a fantastic fit.

In white, plus a lot of fashion colors, from $6.50. Matching little one-size bikini, $3.

We'd go on, but you might lose your nerve.

SEA DREAM™ COLLECTION BY maidenform®

*DuPont reg. trademark. © 1972 Maidenform, Inc.
Prices slightly higher in Canada.
"Antron" nylon, nylon. Powernet: "Antron" nylon, "Lycra" spandex.
Exclusive of decoration. Pat. Pend.

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

GRAB YOUR HAT

This spring, this summer, you will just grab a hat and go. A broad-brimmed straw this afternoon, a turban tonight, perhaps a nifty beret or floaty leghorn tomorrow. However you have your hat, have it to give some shape to the top of things.



Your hat might be a wrapped scarf or a Breton, a coiffure-cover-upper or a boater—lots of hats and covered heads in the Paris collections, and everywhere you go in Paris, people are wearing something up top....

PARIS: *Chapeaux*

1. The lady is deep into a delicious pink shiny straw designed by Marc Bohan for Dior. . . . **2.** The illustrator Antonio is living in Paris, dashing around looking his usual dashing self. This is one of his hat looks—a turn-up/turn-down brimmed beige velours bought at Herbert Johnson's in London. . . . **3.** Givenchy's innocent "little girl" Breton in white straw banded in black. He likes it with a wicked bare black dress. . . . **4.** For your town tailleurs, Saint Laurent shows this natty navy-blue boater, brim turned down. . . . **5.** The lady is napping next to what she dreams will be her summer hat—a lovely leghorn with a deep crown, from Lanvin. . . . **6.** The House of Lanvin's answer for ladies with no time for the hairdresser before a big gala—brilliant patterned and jewel-trimmed head scarves matched to their ball gowns. . . . **7.** Neat and tidy, the all-wrapped-up small-head look for day that they show at Maison Ricci—the wrapping scarf made in the same silk crêpe de Chine as the dress it tops. . . . **8.** Allison Lerrick is a Paris-based correspondent for the Associated Press and she loves antique clothes like her new spring hat—an authentic 'twenties black panne velvet cloche. . . . **9.** A nifty beret pulled sensibly down to cover all the hair—a good idea from Dior. . . . **10.** A sort of Maurice Chevalier boater in rough white straw, navy grosgrain bands. By Givenchy. . . . **11.** The deepest crown, the widest, rolliest brim of them all, is this Dior natural straw—and it looks smashing with a beige-and-white pants suit. A big hat, brimmed hat like this looks new, looks great, with daytime pants. . . .

JUNE NEWTON

If there's one thing a woman shouldn't have to do at night, it's take off her eyelashes.



Now, a new kind of eyelash that can take it. Swimming. Showering. Sleeping. Living. Unlike the paste-on strip eyelashes you've known and lost, these individual lashes attach individually to your own lashes, and stay with you as long as you want them to. They're called Eyedentity. Because they're you.

Eyedentity is the permanent eyelash that comes as long as you want, as thick as you want, and in the color that belongs to you.

Let your hairdresser start your Eyedentity. Permanently. So you'll be more beautiful all day, all night, always.

And you'll never have to part with your own Eyedentity.

Eyedentity

Fashion Tress, Inc.® National Distributor, 750 West 18th Street, Hialeah, Florida 33010 ☐ Manufactured by Eyedentity Inc., Cleveland, Ohio 44122

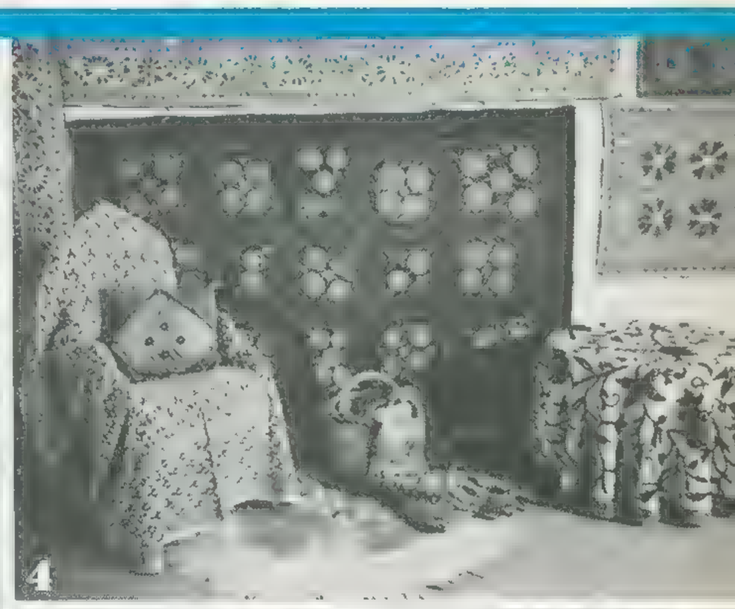
Available at better beauty salons.

VOGUE LIVING

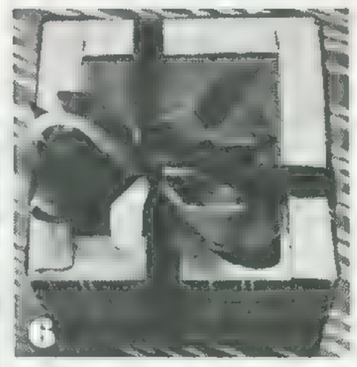

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Wake-ups for a weekend house

1. Trompe-l'oeil doors: This Dutch door and dunescape is an illusion painted on a real flush door, 3′ x 6′8″. $900. Scenes-through-a-doorway are painted to order by Albert Sharp, 4-B Buell Lane, Easthampton, N. Y. **2. Tunisian treillage:** Chanel designer Gaston Bertholet liberates a small room with latticework walls and ceiling, sunstruck paintings of the Domes of Kirouan seen through painted lattices. A beige-and-white cushioned mattress-banquette and waxed tile floor are cool and inviting. Paintings by Peter Todd Mitchell, 116 E. 57th St., N. Y. C. **3. Percale garden** (center): Ravishing young actress Tracy Brooks Swope's bed-sitting room is covered in David Hicks's sheeting for J. P. Stevens: Chelsea. Doors, walls, moldings, window shade are *papered* with sheeting, the ceiling tented. Bedspread, curtains, window seat to match. A table is layered in pink, green, and yellow gingham squares. All flawlessly executed by designer Luis Perez, 98 Birchwood Park Dr., Syosset, N. Y. **4. Indian camouflage:** Bright covers to throw over furniture and floors travel in a basket to zap up a rented house. Printed cotton spread, $15. Embroidered pillow covers, $6 up; with mirrors, $8 up. Long panel, $40. Tie-dye wool rug, $100. Plaid wool throw, $38.50. Crewel tablecloth, 70″ round, $33. All in great colors at Sona, 11 E. 55th St., N. Y. C. **5. Portuguese chinoiserie:** Pottery in a 17th-c. design—Pink Pagoda. Plates, $6.50, $8.50, $10; cup and saucer, $10; covered box, $20; candlestick, $30. All, Cartier, 635 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. **6. Ladybugs are welcome:** They also devour the unwelcome bugs in your garden. 6000 shipped dormant in a plaid-ribbon-bound box are ready to release. $8.50. The Greenery, 3640 Buchanan St., San Francisco, Calif. **7. Stack trays:** To set and stack for buffets anywhere. Black-and-red lacquer, 12″ x 18″ x 1½″ deep. Four for $15. Butterfly plate, $2.50. Obelisk, 133 E. 56th St., N. Y. C. **8. Beaded calabash bottles:** African gourds become light, unbreakable, colorful *objets* or lamp bases. Shown on hand-batiked suède. All, Karl Springer, 306 E. 61st St., N. Y. C.* **9. Hang your hat,** coat, and parasol on a giant polyurethane cactus flocked or painted green. 65″ high, with storage pocket. By Italians Drocco-Mello. At Stendig, 410 E. 62nd St., N. Y. C.* **10. Cool, cool swing:** Heavy pure silk hammocks with lacy borders, $125 to $175. Made in Brazil for Ronaldo Maia, 27 E. 67th St., N. Y. C. **11. Garden guru:** A talented young jewelry designer makes exquisite indoor garden terraria arranging rocks, shells, moss ferns, tiny plants in thick clear Plexiglas boxes. Perfect house present, $45. To order, Robin Kahn, 107 E. 35th St., N. Y. C. Allow 4 weeks.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

JILL KREMENTZ

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano.



The gown was created for Liquore Galliano by Galitzine of Rome.
Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.

MARCH 15, 1972

Vogue's point of view:

THE WEEKEND SPIRIT

Webster: "week·end...commonly extending from Friday evening to Monday morning and observed as a *holiday* [italics ours]."

Or at the beginning, or in the middle of the week—whenever you want—it isn't when, it's what you make it. Is it a *holiday*? -that's the thing. Do you relax—all the way? Really wind out-feel free? Do something different—have a chilled Quincy instead of *jus d'orange* for breakfast? go to six movies? fly to the sun? Do you turn off the week absolutely? That's the spirit ...in which we bring you this issue: all about good weekends—the people who make them, the food, fun. And—because nothing sogs the spirit like worrying if you've brought the right clothes, or enough, or too many—three clothes-plans, starting here, with all you're likely to need for a weekend in the city, the country, or someplace hot. Right, **a city weekend gets underway**—he's late, she's right on the nose. In navy-and-white Scott Barrie checked pants; checked tank top; navy shirt; and the key to the city in her hand—a go-over-everything-everywhere white mohair coat from Henry Friedricks. (The scene happens to be the Paris airport—but if there's a city in the world where this wouldn't be a great way to look, it's news to us.)

ALEX CHATELAIN

Worsted check pants, Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; $48. Multicolored knitted wool top, J.A.P. for Mallory; $20. Alice Stuart voile shirt, of Avril; $13. Everything, at Henri Bendel. Coat details, next page. Accessories, next to last page. Hairdresser,

CITY WEEKEND CLOTHES-PLAN

One really terrific coat is a must —it's how you get where you're going day and night.

One really terrific white mohair coat, opposite, arriving—over pants—for the weekend. Same coat, same pants, same girl as a page ago, but minutes—and a friend—later. Hours—and some bareness—later: same coat for dinner. And Sunday—over a shirtdress—for lunch. And if this seems a lot to ask of one coat, it is: A lot of fashion. (Fashion's friend in the city: Claire's friend in *Claire's Knee*—the French actor Gérard Falconetti. In this picture, not only does he get the girl, he also gets the taxi...seconds later.)

Coat by Clarendon for Henry Friedricks, of mohair and wool (Anglo Fabrics), loomed in America; about $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Swanson's; Frost Bros. Man's navy windbreaker, of wool flannel, about $160. From Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men. More about the evening clothes and raincoats later. City coifs, these eight pages, by Jean-Louis David. Accessories, next to last page.

Cities are cities the world over—everything complex except the way people look. Casual, pulled together by day. Pow by night, but not tinselly—no itsy jewels, no fussy coifs. Simplicity is the key.

ALEX CHATELAIN

Imperative: don't forget a raincoat!



Just like a man's, above—in fact, that's how Givenchy did it in the first place—kimono sleeves, navy and white, in that lovely, thin, flat-folding, non-transparent tie silk. Exactly the kind of robe you want when you're putting up at Hiltons, Ritzes...or a little Paris bijou like L'Hôtel. (You can have Mistinguett's room, with mirrored bed, as here—or would you rather weekend where Oscar Wilde died, among more literary mementoes?...)

Reminder, left: Don't forget a raincoat!

Above: From Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique; about $120. At Bergdorf Goodman....*Right:* Her raincoat, of beige water-repellent cotton and polyester. By Aquascutum of London, about $100. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. His raincoat, from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men, of water-repellent beige cotton poplin; about $140. Accessories, next to last page.

CITY WEEKEND: Don't forget a raincoat. And a practical, good-looking dressing gown

It may never rain, never mind: you must have a raincoat. | Gérard must have a raincoat | An absolutely strict, dashing, classic trenchcoat raincoat... It's your country coat in the city. The coat you put over pants on days you're not really doing anything... just sort of knocking around...feeding pigeons, going to a movie ...fleeing (pursuing?) an Organization of International Spies.... And, of course, there's always rain — and this is a great way to dress for it. ...Hers, from Aquascutum; his, Saint Laurent.



CITY WEEKEND:

Something to wrap up in if you're going to be long at night . . . something either/or if you're not changing for dinner

For big nights in big cities, left for Maxim's in Paris. Glamadoor! Black, but of course—the star, the entrance-maker, Valentino's long Gazar with pinafore ruffles and a camellia in front, and no back to speak of....And, far left—at L'Espace Cardin the most romantic cape to throw over it. Main Street's **black taffeta Inverness,** which would be just as good over a short dress at night—especially, being water-repellent, on a rainy night. The point: you don't need tons of clothes for a weekend, only hard-working ones....Speaking of which: **A suit look that defies you to tell time by it,** right—navy gabardine pleats from Bill Blass, with a beige jacket that goes around all day over a bare little halter blouse in navy-and-white polka dots...and when Gérard takes you to his friends' for dinner, how right you are.... **P.S.** Don't forget a raincoat!

Left: About $325. End of March, at Valentino Boutique. Also, Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Man's black taffeta dinner jacket, by Cerutti 1881. ...*Far left:* Main Street by Tom Fallon, of acetate. About $95. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; I. Magnin. His velvet blazer, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men. About $210....*Right:* Short-sleeve jacket and belted [illegible] (Main Street imports); silk blouse [illegible]. About [illegible] April, at Saks Fifth Ave[illegible]. His gear Saint Laurent R[illegible]. Beige flannel pants, about $65[illegible] about $50. Accessories, nex[illegible]

ALEX CHATEL[illegible]

CITY WEEKEND:

Two short dresses are plenty. One for day, one real killer-diller at night and your one terrific coat does for both

Men always bring flowers to girls who look like ours

—just fresh, simple, and delicious in her Jerry Silverman foulard-y crêpe shirtdress—navy-and-white-on-strong, vivid yellow. Perfect city dress for days when you're not in pants, for Sunday lunch at a Sunday lunch spot or restaurant, for visiting relatives, galleries . . . for Atelier c Mazarine—the Rue Mazarine Exhibition of New [illegible] by Shannon Rodgers [illegible] of polyester about $110 at [illegible] Bergdorf Goodman, [illegible] Hudson's L S Ayres, [illegible] Magnin, Right: Dress [illegible] scarf of Abraham silk. At [illegible] nue; Swanson's, Sakowitz, [illegible] from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche [illegible] left, navy corduroy blazer [illegible], beige flannel pants [about $40], black velvet blazer [about $70], black-and-white dotted taffeta shirt [about $70]. All accessories, next to last page this issue.

Flirt, floof, feathers above the knee...whatever pains Gérard, it's not the girl. She's such a chou in her Bill Blass navy-orange-and-ivory chiffon—all those crazy ostrich feathers and flimsy straps. . . Where it's dark and dance-y—like Le Privé in Paris (maybe he forgot to make a reservation?) or Elmo's in New York—wherever: if the mood is party, this is the life of it.

SUN WEEKEND CLOTHES-PLAN

What you want where the days are sunny and hot, the nights starry and soft

Saint Martin . . . Palm Springs . . . Virgin sand . . . your own Florida Key . . . any place where days are sunny and hot, nights soft, this weekend clothes-plan works for you. As it does here for Cristina Ferrare, the delicious young TV and movie actress—weekending, these six pages, at Malibu.

Sun dress, near right—Marianne Ohm's easy bit of red-and-white cotton knit. Step in, cross the straps, and that's it—you'll need real willpower when it's time to go upstairs and change.

One-shoulder maillot, above right, that basic little black job none of us can ever get along without—but with a sexy new slant. By Brigance Waterclothes.

Bra, bikini, sarong, far right, your second swim suit—from Valentino—navy-and-white polka dots to put on while the other one dries; wear for lunch by the pool with its long blowy sarong in green-leafed camellias and navy-and-white stripes.

Near right: From Marianne Ohm by Ivar Wahl, Sweden. About $20. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. . . . *Center right:* Of Du Pont nylon. About $24. Lord & Taylor; The Blum Store; Gus Mayer. . . . *Far right:* Of polyester-and-rayon jersey. Bra and bikini, about $90; sarong, about $95. Early April, Valentino Boutique; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page. Coifs, these six pages, William Esclarera of Ménage à Trois.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE AT THE LEONARD PLOESER HOUSE IN MALIBU, CALIFORNIA.

CRISTINA FERRARE





SUN WEEKEND:

a few long blowy prints to wear at nig

Bare and delicious, far left, from Oscar de la Renta Boutique—little peplum top, lots of roses, fresh pink checks. That's you, Saturday . . . or, as it happens here: Cristina, with Keith Harleigh Johnson in the lead.

Jersey sweater-dressing, center, the kind that's on, whatever's on for evening—for dinner, with the long breezy cardigan; for dancing, with the blowy tank-top dress. Both the print and the turnout by Diane von Fürstenberg.

Halter maillot and sarong, near left, perfect way to look for drinks at someone's pool or—sans sarong—a late swim . . . it's your spare bathing suit. Valentino's idea, in another of his camellia prints—white and green on black.

Far left: Peplum dress, in Qiana nylon (fabric by Couleur International). About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Jacobson's, Michigan. . . . *Center:* Rayon-and-silk jersey turnout (with sash, used here as a head wrap), about $150. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin. . . . *Near left:* Maillot and sarong, in polyester and rayon; each, about $95. Available early April at Valentino Boutique. Also, Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

CRISTINA FERRARE

HENRY CLARKE

SUN WEEKEND: Raincoat. Pants. Something pour le sport

Chopped raincoat, above, does what any trenchcoat does—in half the length and half the weight; it's Misty Harbor's answer to those daily tropic cloudbursts, and looks smash with pants, shorts, bare brown legs.

Midriff-pull plus pants, near right, Marianne Ohm's pale cotton pants and ribby polka-dot top with just a crack of bareness between. And a white canvas hat to duck the sun —one weekend does not a summer make, so take cover . . . take pants, scarves, sleeves.

Tennis whites, far right—Haymaker's easy little white shorts and a Lacoste shirt, what else! Cristina's partner, Keith Harleigh Johnson, is wearing his Lacoste shirt, too.

Above: Off-white Dacron-and-cotton twill coat finished with Zepel (fabric by Reeves). About $55. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Titche's. . . . *Near right:* Cotton pull, about $16; pants, about $20. Marianne Ohm by Ivar Wahl, Sweden. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . *Far right:* Dacron shirt, about $15; knit Dacron shorts, about $16. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Hudson's; Woolf Brothers; Gus Mayer. Accessories, next to last page.

CRISTINA FERRARE

HENRY CLARKE



COUNTRY WEEKEND CLOTHES-PLAN



At your most casual, comfortable, relaxed—lots of pants, something very soft and feminine for evening

The perfect country coat, near left: for getting there and back again, for staying warm and dry while you're there—Bonnie Cashin's turf-brown poplin with leather edges, brass toggles....**The hacking-around jacket,** far left: long enough, short enough—over pants, in or out of cars, in or out of rain. Naman's wrap-and-tie bone poplin, like a French butcher's-boy smock, only hooded....**Safari-jacket pants suit of buttery chamois suède,** above, from Ledaspain by Gropper: so comfortable and feminine and classic, there's practically no point in changing—unless into more nifty pants.... Like the **beige cotton corduroys,** below, by Pierre d'Alby: walking, biking, dealing with the dog—there's not much doing you couldn't be doing in this pants suit.

Pants pants pants —and what goes over

Near left: By Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills, of water-repellent polyester-and-cotton poplin. About $170. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hovland-Swanson....*Far left:* Raincheetahs by Naman waterproof jacket (rubberized cotton with Zepel finish), about $56. Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's....*Top right:* Of antelope-finished Spanish lamb suède. Jacket, about $140, pants, about $110. Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Neusteters....*Right:* Pants suit, about $55. Bloomingdale's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Hair, here and on the next two pages, by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to the last page this issue.

ALEXIS WALDECK

COUNTRY WEEKEND

Good sporty shirts.
A warm robe.
And a change from pants at night

Shirt and pants, left, to get into in the afternoon, stay in for dinner—Chester Weinberg's cream-and-black cotton jersey; nice, soft.

Good shirt for good pants and good sports, far left: oatmeal knit from Dennet Barry....**Creamy terry-cloth robe like a cardigan sweater,** top right, right down to the grosgrain binding, down to the ankle...and down to breakfast—by John Kloss....**After a day in pants—sweater-and-skirt dressing for evening,** right: Missoni's mixed patterns in fluid knit. Tank top, turtleneck, and long long pleats—just the thing for curling up near a good book.

Brown linen knit polo shirt, far right, from Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique: luxurious, cor[illegible]—hacking or hacking around. Pants suit (Toba fabric), about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Frost Bros.... *Far left:* Shirt by Noelle Roudine for Dennet Barry, of linen and nylon knit. About $30. Bonwit Teller; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Country Club Fashions....*Top right:* Robe by John Kloss for Cira, of cotton and polyester. About $36. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hovland-Swanson.... *Right:* Tank, about $40; skirt, about $125 (both blue-and-white); red-and-white turtleneck, about $34. All of rayon knit. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. ...*Far right:* Shirt, about $45. Bergdorf Goodman; J. P. Allen; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Accessories, next to last page.

ALEXIS WALDECK



COUNTRY WEEKEND

Since you'll be living in pants— think easy, think knits

The shirt-jacket pants suit in bright red knit, left: the jacket worn open over a navy-and-white plaid shirt with unlinked cuffs turned back. Whatever else you take in the way of pants, make sure one pair's knit: nothing's easier, more comfortable ...or packs so painlessly. Vogue Pattern 8202....**The sweater-jacket pants suit in navy knit,** right: shawl-collared jacket as cozy as somebody's grandfather's sweater—but smaller. And prettier. Here, over shirt and stripes, narrow belt. Vogue Pattern 8201.

Left: Vogue Pattern 8202. Fabric by Scottex, of Wear Dated Acrilan double knit. *Right:* Vogue Pattern 8201. Fabric by Schlang, of Orlon. Both fabrics: Altman's. Coifs, both pages, by Franklyn Welsh. For pattern details, see page 122. Accessories, next to the last page

VOGUE PATTERN 8202

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 82

ALEXIS WALDECK

THE REAL PAULETTE GODDARD

The smile, the laugh, the face are very much Paulette Goddard, right, one of the most glamorous of the Hollywood stars, with her green-fired eyes, sly voice, and hubba-hubba figure; but her role is new—at least to the public—as Mrs. Erich Maria Remarque, the widow of the German novelist who spent most of his life in exile. Remarque died a year and a half ago at the age of seventy-two; and his last novel, Shadows in Paradise, already an extraordinary best seller in West Germany and Austria, has just been published here—a tribute to America and the haven it provided for refugees after World War II. In the novel, as in Remarque's life, America is only a temporary refuge, a stopping-off place that, in the writer's case, led to Switzerland and a sprawling house on Lake Maggiore, filled with paintings by Degas, Van Gogh, Cézanne, and Renoir.

About her husband's work, Paulette Goddard said: "He never talked about his writing with me, never asked my opinion. He was most totally happy when he was at his desk, but he could write anywhere. He had seen a great many terrible things, but he saw in the midst of it all some kernel of humanity that kept him fighting. And he fought up to the end. I've never seen anyone fight so hard to live."

About their marriage: "It was very romantic. We were with one another eighteen years. From the first night we met, we had dinner together every night. We had the richness of all of our lives to share."

About Hollywood: "God, I'm tired of all the nostalgia about the 'thirties and 'forties. But it was wonderful for that moment just before the war when Hollywood was the Bohemia of the world with such people living there as Stravinsky, Huxley, Gershwin, and the women chosen for their beauty. What better combination could you have?"

About herself: "I still don't know who I am or what I am. I don't have any goals. When I was married to Charlie Chaplin, I really wanted to be only a baby WAMPAS [a West Coast organization in the 'thirties that made up annual lists of promising starlets]. Charlie said I had to be an actress, and I cried; but he did make me an actress in Modern Times. Every woman needs a man to discover her."



PEOPLE ARE *talking* ABOUT...

The economists who insist on calling the United States the "Old World" because of stiffened competition from Germany and Japan and the shift in investments they predict from manufacturers to service industries, in spite of galloping labor costs. . . . "Picasso in the Collection of The Museum of Modern Art," a staggering concentration of 120 paintings, sculptures, and drawings, including promised gifts from private collections, honoring the presiding genius of Alfred Barr, Jr., who began the museum's collection in 1929 with Picasso at its center.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Beatrice Lillie, Lady Peel, the British comedian who made a career out of her gallows-length string of pearls, and her autobiography *Every Other Inch a Lady*. When reprimanded by a stuffy weekend hostess for loudly singing "Tra-la-la-lay" in her bath, Lady Peel replied, "But, my dear, it's a viddy old English folk tune sung by lasses to their lads in North Cornwall." . . . *The Photographs of Thomas Eakins*, a book that is a diary of faces, observed with great emotion, by the nineteenth-century American artist who was one of the first to experiment with the camera.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Slaughterhouse-Five, the film made from Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s comic novel, with its curious glimpse of rich Midwestern suburban life as a counterpoint to the Dresden bombings—all the funnier under George Roy Hill's direction. . . . The tiny, extraordinary worlds, crammed with life, in the exhibition of late medieval illuminations at The Pierpont Morgan Library in New York. . . . The Prague Symphony Orchestra, conducted by American Dean Dixon, in Philadelphia, March 19, perhaps the most vital, certainly the most Romantic of the orchestras the other side of the Iron Curtain.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Sandy Wilson's new musical, in London, *His Monkey Wife*, about a triangle—a man, a woman, and a chimpanzee; and about Tom Courtenay, the angry young man with a prune-pit face, in drag in yet another stage revival of *Charley's Aunt*. . . . The exhibition of works by Mario Merz, the quirky Italian artist-leader of the *Arte Povera*, almost art-from-nothing, at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The House of Life: Rachel Carson at Work by Paul Brooks, and the quiet environmental revolution Rachel Carson began almost ten years ago in a report on ecology, Silent Spring, that sounded at the time not only peevish but gravely exaggerated, now one of the nastiest issues of this year's campaign. . . . "Peruvian Colonial Painting," Baroque art created by anonymous artists who charged their painting with an often satirical misunderstanding of their Spanish masters, at the University of Texas in Austin. . . . TWO, A Phallic Novel by Alberto Moravia, an extraordinary book, a best seller in Italy, about the masculine ego with its blind, driving, often destructive force and its sheer, often pitiable, dependence on the feminine. . . . Alan Bates, funny, bewildered, complex, in the film version of Joe Egg, the story of parents who discover their child will never develop mentally.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . City planning, Russian-style, and the removal of all the log houses remaining from the Czarist period. . . . *72 Drawings by David Hockney*, the book of pen-and-ink and color drawings, childlike but not childish, by the British artist with a bowl haircut who found his truest home in California. . . . The sight-and-sound exhibition by Keith Sonnier at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York. . . . The pirated versions of Clifford Irving's Howard Hughes that are causing Xerox stocks to soar. . . . The word "heavy," catchword for the 'seventies, now used whenever approbation is intended. . . . "Victorian and Edwardian Decorative Art" at the Royal Academy of Arts in London, part of this season's sweep for the nineteenth century in museums, auctions.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new scientific interest in meditation and the hope that ancient religious techniques can lead to the control, without drugs, of high blood pressure, anxiety, and other stress diseases. . . . **JAMES CAAN,** right, the unexploded star of the movie version of The Godfather (the best-selling novel about the Mafia), a real comer who has yet to play a film role that needs his kind of acting muscle.

JACK ROBINSON



What women REALLY talk

MRS. JOHN SHERMAN COOPER, wife of the U. S. Senator from Kentucky

"The friendships American women have with other women take the place of the analyst's couch. Things straighten out as you talk aloud with a friend with good judgment who will really listen. If you are outraged at something you've read about in the newspapers that morning and you talk about it, often you end up laughing and clearing the air. I can't think of subjects that are taboo, including domestic ones. Some people are amusing about their children or households, some are deadly.

"Conversations in mixed company are different from conversations between two women—which are apt to be finite. When I was young in the 'thirties in London, I was invited to Lady Cunard's where I first became aware of conversation. Among the mixture of politicians, poets, musicians, and pretty women, Lady Cunard was a great catalyst. It was all like a Ping-Pong game with talk jumping from Plato to Proust to personalities and I would dash home and look things up. You have the same thing today in Washington at Alice Longworth's, at Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Alsop's—a rapid seminar on millions of subjects."

STACY KEACH, star of the recent Long Wharf Theatre production of *Hamlet*, appears in John Huston's film, *Fat City*

"I've been lucky with men and women—there seems to be no difference in what I talk about with either. People have great curiosity about actors. They ask everything from primitive questions such as 'How did you memorize *all* those lines?' all the way to 'How did you approach that role conceptually?' What delights me as I travel across the country is that people are much more sophisticated about the arts, aware of what is happening—probably due to television exposure—so there's always something to talk about. I used to be shy with people I didn't know, but now I find excitement talking to them."

MRS. THOMAS P. F. HOVING, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Phoenix House Foundation

"Recently I've developed confidence in women and enjoy a good conversation with them. It's different with men. You can talk with them up to a point along the same line as with a woman and then you'll hit a slightly sexual area. A man will make a flirtatious remark, make innuendos about your ideas. When I'm discussing a serious subject, I want to say, 'Let's forget the nonsense, stop playing games.' If I'm really bothered, I might pick up the telephone to chat with a close woman friend. I haven't many, but one of the pleasing discoveries over the years is that even with long separations, I can pick up again with old friends. It's as though we'd been traveling along parallel courses."

PETER GLENVILLE, director, preparing a film on Ford Maddox Ford

"What you talk about depends on the atmosphere of the evening. Some evenings women are more literate, some evenings they are more political. And some women are pretty but without a notion in their heads about what they want to talk about—then I just talk about how pretty they are. Dinner out is like theater and you see what the cast is and what they are going to play—comedy, farce, drama, tragedy, or simply *divertissement*. I like to think of any conversation on two levels. What is that woman saying and then what is she really thinking. I'm intrigued with the humor, with the self-revelation; and I come away more with an impression of a person than with information."

KURT VONNEGUT, JR., whose newest book is *Between Time and Timbuktu or Prometheus-5: A Space Fantasy*

"What I talk about with men or women depends. Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm blue."

CHÉR, who with her husband Sonny stars Monday evenings on CBS-TV

"All women talk about the same things, about husbands, makeup, movies, new stars, or gossip. Of course women talk about girl things. It's a good release. I work really hard, and my idea of goofing off is shopping and having lunch with a friend. I mean I can't talk to Sonny about jewelry, or the fact that nails are darker, or about wigs. He's just not interested in junk like that . . . except if I'm not into all of it just right.

"It's dumb to say there aren't feminine topics. At lunch I'll enjoy hearing stories about a friend's kid and pray there'll be time for me to tell three about Chastity, our three-year-old daughter.

"What do I talk about seated next to a stranger? Well, I sat next to some high government type the other night and I didn't beat about the bush. 'What are you here for?' I asked him. And then I let him talk. So many women mince about and are coy. That's just dumb."

MORTON GOTTLIEB, producer of the long-running Broadway play *Sleuth*

"You know there's that saying that in Los Angeles they ask you 'Where do you live?'; in San Francisco, 'What sign are you?'; and in New York, 'What do you do?' You can imagine the blow to my ego when my dinner partner hasn't heard of *Sleuth*, but mostly my partner really tries to draw me out. I find women more sensitive about really probing than men. They seem to have a greater curiosity, at least about the theater, than men do."

HENRY GELDZAHLER, Curator of Twentieth-Century Art, The Metropolitan Museum of Art

"My, my, my. The great question I get asked at dinner parties is 'What's Andy Warhol really like?' Women do tend to talk about what I do, ask what's going to happen next, as if I can tell them about art that hasn't been made yet. What do I do when I'm stuck with a dinner partner who doesn't talk? Well, it's the old Dale Carnegie thing. There's no one who isn't interested in talking about him- or herself. Men tend to talk to other men more about careers than about sex."

ANDY WARHOL, the artist whose recent film is *Women in Revolt*

"Nobody ever talks to me."

AILEEN MEHLE, alias Suzy Knickerbocker

"If I'm very close and trust a person—and I have only four or five friends—anything goes. One subject I don't think *anyone* should talk about is domesticity. One sentence is enough. Like 'My God, the cook left.' And one line ought to take care of the children. 'Mary Lou was sick last week.' All conversation about illness ought to be pushed out of mind. You only talk about ailments if you have to call to say you cannot go to a dinner because you have a sore throat. I do think it's a compliment to bone up on a guest-of-honor's specialty. But boner-uppers are rampant, and you can soon see how deep a person's knowledge really goes. I don't think people have to prove how intelligent they are by talking about serious things. The most erudite professional men I know, when they are out, are interested in gossip. Gossip is of no importance but it does help to pass time pleasantly."

FRANÇOISE DE LA RENTA, editor, wife of the fashion designer

"I ask more questions of men than women. Men adore to talk, to give their opinion. I try to put a man on his subject: politics, medicine, law, flying, whatever. Women talk more about things of the house—where they found a marvelous new pillow, a wonderful person to lacquer some furniture, a place for plants, cooking. And women always discuss other women. Usually, they discuss other women not worth discussing, women in peril. You're

BY PHYLLIS LEE LEVIN

about { with MEN / with WOMEN

always afraid it's your turn next. When it comes to other issues, men seem more precise than women. I prefer to talk to men. You learn more. Besides you can have a flirtation with a man and you can't with a woman."

THOMAS P. F. HOVING.
Director, The Metropolitan Museum of Art

"I don't have very different conversations with men than with women. Both ask me why I dare to do this or that or how I happened to think of something else. I like to talk about the museum, get advice, ask questions of lay people on how to keep 885 highly intelligent, highly individualistic people functioning in a group and communicating with one another and the community around them. My favorite thing is not to talk at all but to stay at home with my wife where she dominates the conversation."

CLAIRE BLOOM, costar of *Viva! Viva Regina!*

"One would be an awful liar if one didn't admit a difference in one's conversation with a man and with a woman. There is such a thing as girl talk—about hair, or about a book, about needlepoint, about antiques—my mother has an antiques shop in London and I could cheerfully spend the rest of my life right there. One can talk more freely, intimately, and openly to girl friends. One does try, at least I belong to that generation, to be more attractive to men. Whether I enjoy talking about the theater depends. I don't like to talk to people who think of me as someone abnormal in a strange field. How can I answer ghastly questions about how I learn my lines, or explain how I develop an interpretation of a role? It just happens. It's rather a mystery and one should let it remain a mystery. I am, after all, not the greatest social success. I am shy and I can be in awful trouble at a party. If I'm lucky enough to have a partner who draws me out, I can be fine."

THOMAS R. BRIGHT, Yale University, Class of 1973

"Do you mean if I walked into a room with a group of females would they change the subject for my benefit? It's conceivable. They might try, if I didn't know them, to say something really topical to present an intelligent image. Judging from my family, there's definitely a confusion of roles now. My mother talks about business and I'm capable of talking about groceries."

DAVID STEINBERG.
comedian, guest-host on *The Tonight Show*

"Women and men, wherever I am, wherever I go, are constantly asking me the same question: 'What is Sabbatai Zevi, the false messiah of the seventeenth century, really like?' "

MRS. PRENTIS COBB HALE, world-rounding traveler and Los Angeles hostess

"First, with men or women, I refuse to talk about help, about children, or to cut down a person who is in trouble already. This is a rule of all my life. Also I don't want to talk about anything personal. Like anyone's life, mine has gone up and down. I can't bear women who tell their life stories to their hairdressers. I'm private, and no one has ever succeeded in making me talk about anything I don't want to talk about. No way. I like to learn something about politics, something about someone's trip, or 'What's your version of so and so?' A sense of humor is a must. I'm interested in talking to people who are doers, creative people, builders. I don't want to be around deadweights. Big deal. There's no one so gorgeous, beautiful, divine, or famous who can just sit and not make an effort to talk to someone about something. No way. They've come to entertain as well as be entertained."

WYATT COOPER, writer

"It's easier to talk to women. They're more open—they'll tell you anything if you are interested. Older women may start conversation with a formula. 'What has been interesting to you lately?' they'll ask. And I know they studied once upon a time at some finishing school. But generally women really notice what a person's about. When men are willing to show the same curiosity and take the time, they're marvelous conversationalists. Truman Capote is everyone's favorite dinner partner. He wants to know innermost secrets which he repeats or invents to pass on to other dinner partners, making, of course, fascinating conversation."

OSCAR DE LA RENTA,
fashion designer

"Women are more curious about almost anything than men are. They also put much more on a personal basis. A man may be anxious to know about something but a woman will dare to ask. Because everyone knows I am a fashion designer they think I want to talk about fashion. I try to divert the conversation. You certainly don't want to talk about your business at night. It amuses me to change the subject, like I'll say, 'You wear your eyebrows too thick.' She'll ask why and suddenly we're on another level of conversation."

BERRY BERENSON,
photographer

"It's the same practically for a man or a woman. I talk about what I'm doing, what the other person is doing, her job, his job, my job, about travels. I like amusing gossip, but I don't want to hear about something that hits hard. I never talk about the coquette things and I don't confide in anyone."

ARMANDO ORSINI, proprietor of the New York restaurant Orsini's

"The younger crowd gossips, talks about men a lot and about the tragedies in love. The older crowd talks more about material things, about dress, money, jewels, places they went or are going. American women are changing. I'm Italian, you see. In the old days the European women, the Italians and the French, kidded men more. They were very feminine and they would listen and say, 'Oh, how interesting,' no matter whether they were bored to death. American women would talk a mile a minute. Now American women seem more feminine, though I wouldn't say they are more humble. But, unless it is business, they now think of conversation as more of a game."

JOEL SCHUMACHER, aide for Frank Perry's film *Play It As It Lays*

"Conversation with a woman should be a romance, and one of the most romantic women I know asks about my dreams and tells me about hers. Women are the strong ones. When the ship is sinking, the men jump overboard and the women stay behind to patch it back together. Conversation can be a terrible game and boring. The people who have to be witty are really on the defense. I don't trust them. I like to talk to a woman who says real and vulnerable things. I think women now are rethinking their roles and their position with men. They're suddenly aware of a lot of stuff they've put up with and I think they're hard on each other just now and self-conscious. The successful person realizes there's male and female in all of us, but there is a difference between the male and the female. Thank God!" ▼

the couture look

Forget the workmanship. It's there, it's great—why shouldn't it be?—and it's not news to anyone. What is—what makes the European Couture interesting to all of us this spring—is that there is a quality of thinking that's gone into these clothes that has totally to do with a woman today—it's real-life fashion on a level of charm, freshness, and allure that is going to make a big, big difference in how everybody will look....It isn't at all that thing of "Paris says: Coats will have ample sleeves." In fact, they do. But the point is—isn't it great to have a coat that actually goes over things, comfortably? And isn't it lovely, when you consider what it gives to the skin, that there's so much white around? And if you're on the go from the crack of, isn't it good thinking to sneak in a bare little halter under something tailored so you can just pull off your jacket and be dressed for dinner? ...And if the whole country is hungry for a really delicious print dress—don't you suppose when it turns up there it will have some effect on what happens here? Believe it...in mood, flavor—in essence—what you're going to see now is going to be in your life.

Paris ...

the next sound you hear will be...the rush of women into print: the dresses the world has been waiting for, done and done by Saint Laurent

HELMUT NEWTON

Crisp, soft, classic, modern, without a hint of clutter: everything prints should be Saint Laurent's are—they simply make you want to be in a dress again....*Far left* In the silkiest silk crêpe of white on red, the perfect jacketed dress—shirt collar and short sleeves underneath, stitched-down pleats released at the hip. ...*Left* Crêpe de Chine polka dots—black on shocking pink with a floppy bow at the neck and that pretty burst of softness from the hip. Both, Abraham silk; to order at I. Magnin. Coifs, Jean-Louis David.

THE COUTURE LOOK
PARIS

marc

Bohan did a full, white chopped coat for Dior, and a long white jacket and put them over silk print pyjamas, and—suddenly!—a whole new way to look in a pants suit. And a coat that's going to completely change the way you've been thinking about coats

Far left, opposite page: A white wool cardigan just sort of knotted over silk pyjamas—high-waisted pants, tucked-in shirt—in the most precise little navy-and-white print. Agnona wool; Sache silk. Copy, Lord & Taylor. Original, to order at I. Magnin....*Below and near left, opposite page:* Everything anyone could possibly want in a coat now—white double-faced wool with deep, dropped raglan sleeves and the roll of a riding raincoat. All the roominess of a big coat, the perfect cut and fit of one that is, in fact, quite small, Brown-and-white print pyjamas. Wool coat; alpaca and silk pyjamas (Agnona fabrics). Copy, at Lord & Taylor. Original, at I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Coifs, both pages, by Jean-Louis David.

HELMUT NEWTON

THE
COUTURE LOOK
PARIS

the whiteness, the wider sleeve, the deep, deep armhole—coat news from Dior that's going to make every woman in the country want to have a new coat

Left: Not big, but big enough to go over things—what everyone has been wanting in a coat for years, and here it is (and here it comes—count on it). With raglan shoulders and dolman sleeves, in the most beautiful, light-giving double-faced wool—white inside and the whitest, barely-beige beige outside—wrapped and tied over a dress of heavy white crêpe. Wool by Carlotta. To order, Bonwit Teller. At I. Magnin....*Right:* In white double-faced wool, another of Marc Bohan's prophetic wide-sleeved coats with deep armholes and dropped shoulders, with softness, roominess, wrappiness, and yet even a small woman would be marvelous in it... very much what Dior is all about. Here, the coat over white pants, navy silk blouse with dolman sleeves....Coat fabric by Agnona; pants fabric by Forneris. To order, I. Magnin. Coifs, Jean-Louis David.

HELMUT NEWTON



Perfect coat, perfect shirtdress: Saint Laurent's super classics—so beautifully pale, polished, practical. Just looking at them, you can see these clothes work for your way of life

THE COUTURE LOOK
PARIS

Far left: A classic reefer of natural Honan silk with a hint of the bush in the flapped safari pockets and, under it, a soft crêpe de Chine dress with floppy bow tie, stitched pleats... the total look, marvelous—black-and-white stripes flashing out from beneath the pale, pale coat—and, taken by themselves, each great on its own. Coat, in Chatillon-Mouly-Roussel silk; dress, in Bandini crêpe de Chine. Copy at Lord & Taylor. Original, to order at I. Magnin.... *Above:* Classic white crêpe shirtdress—everything about it pale, soft, perfect.... Every woman's dress—day, evening, anywhere. In Abraham silk. To order at I. Magnin. Coiffures by Jean-Louis David.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HELMUT NEWTON
IN HIS PARIS APARTMENT

THE COUTURE LOOK
PARIS

the suit that puts over the suit, the dresses that put over the look of a long silk print at night— what Saint Laurent did for Paris holds everywhere...for everyone

Above: The best suit in Paris, in natural Honan silk with a longer belted jacket, safari pockets. Crisp but never hard—the precise little armhole, the precise sleeve. And the feel of it the moment you put it on—you look at ease, you are at ease. Fabric by Chatillon-Mouly-Roussel. Copy at Lord & Taylor. Original, to order: I. Magnin....*Right:* Long silk prints at night—a dashing new look you've never had before. Ankle-length, *near right,* in black-and-white crêpe de Chine with long sleeves, a bias skirt, a sway of pearls... *far right,* in navy-and-white crêpe de Chine with short sleeves—dress to the floor, white linen jacket to the waist. Dresses, Abraham silk; jacket, Moreau linen. Long-sleeved dress at I. Magnin. Short-sleeved dress: copy at Lord & Taylor, original, to order at I. Magnin. All [illegible] for Louis David.

HELMUT NEWTON



You've got everything here...you're totally dressed... the perfect pants turnouts to take you to the ends of the earth: soft, easy, terrific, Valentino

Both pages: Valentino's kimono coats, double-faced, collarless—*far left,* navy wool banded in white and belted, with *(center)* a matching short-sleeved top over a long-sleeved navy-and-white silk print shirt and navy wool pants...*near left,* white cashmere falling straight, with a short-sleeved white knit top over a long-sleeved white crêpe de Chine shirt, white wool pants, stockings, shoes, pearl earrings—everything. Polidori double-faced wool; Gandini double-faced cashmere. All, Martha; I. Magnin. Earrings, Borbonese for Valentino. Dal Cò shoes, for Valentino. Coiffures by Jean-Louis David.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HELMUT NEWTON
IN PARIS AT FORMES NOUVELLES

THE COUTURE LOOK
PARIS



Every woman's coat-and-pants look—sharp, clean-lined navy and white from Givenchy. Absolutely correct and easy

Left: White-white wool with a slightly wider sleeve and large sailor collar squared off in back—easy over anything, perfect over pants; these, white wool jersey, with a longish belted tunic of navy ribbed jersey. Besson wool; Racine jersey. To order at I. Magnin....*Right:* Givenchy's sailor-collared coat, this time navy wool wrapped and tied over a navy-and-white jersey jumpsuit; a red silk scarf knotted at the neck. Agnona wool; Racine wool jersey. Turnout, to order at I. Magnin. The coiffures, both pages, Christophe Carita.

FRANK HORVAT





Everything everyone loves about being in sweaters and pants. But with that little something extra that white and pale, whitened colors give to the face...that luxury and glamorousness.
A totally feminine way to look—wherever, whenever—from Mila Schön.

Left: You are at a party...and you are perfection. In pants and longish shirt-jacket with sleeves to the elbow. In white—the softest double-faced wool crêpe. Verzoletto fabric. At Martha; I. Magnin....
Right: In pale whitened pink, double-faced wool pants and zippered sweater-jacket with insets of ribbing—simple and beautiful. Agnona fabric. Martha; I. Magnin. In the white turtleneck, French movie director François Reichenbach. Bo[ok] pages: coiffures by Christophe Carit[on]

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK HORVAT IN THE PARIS APARTMENT OF SYLVIE VARTAN AND JOHNNY HALLYDAY.

THE COUTURE LOOK
ITALY

THE COUTURE LOOK PARIS

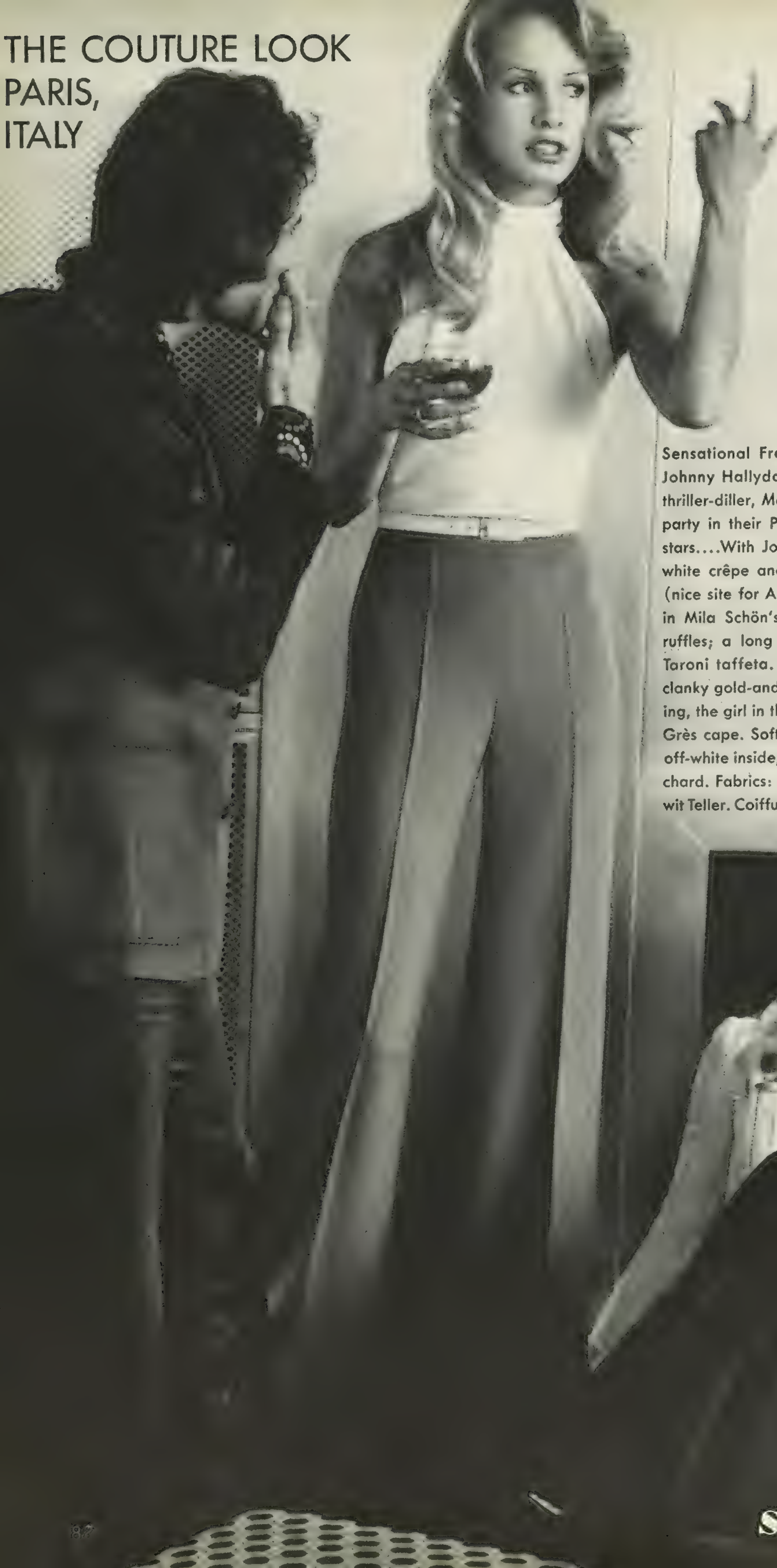
If separates are you, this is it—with a bang!—anywhere, any time. Ungaro's mix of patterns, textures, moods—the deliciousness of being all proper tailoring outside and very, very bare underneath—soft/sharp, sexy/correct. Like life, full of contrast

Right: The must-have sports coat—butterscotch suède, with a slight riding-jacket nip to the waist. Over what Ungaro calls a *débardeur*—a bare, tiny crochet tank top in blocks of brights; patterned wool pants....*Center:* His lounging suit, everything soft—mosaic-print jacket belted softly over a red shirt, soft satin-wool trousers....*Above right:* Great new Ungaro pants look—suède jodhpurs, but less pouf above the knee, more ease below. Patterned riding-jacket jacket opening on a dotted crêpe de Chine blouse (Bianchini silk)....*Below right:* Switch of proportions—suède jodhpurs with a snug, chopped jacket; one of his bare, bright crochet *débardeurs* underneath....Both pages: Helita wools; patterns designed by Sonia Knapp. Coifs, both pages, by Christophe Carita. All Ungaro turnouts, Bonwit Teller.

THIS PAGE AND CENTER, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK HORVAT AT ROGER VIVIER'S PARIS APARTMENT



THE COUTURE LOOK
PARIS, ITALY



We've been to a marvelous party... everyone looking the way people really want to look at parties...pants, skirts, lots of white... a bare little halter from Lanvin, Mila Schön's delectable Edwardian blouse, and the most beautiful cape from Grès

Sensational French pop-music superstars Sylvie Vartan and Johnny Hallyday—both, fresh from just-finished movies: her thriller-diller, *Malpertuis;* his, *Adventure Is Adventure*—gave the party in their Paris apartment...these were some of the other stars....With Johnny, *left:* a halter-top jumpsuit from Lanvin, of white crêpe and green crêpe with a pretty show of shoulders (nice site for Arpège). Petillault wool-and-silk....*Below:* Sylvie, in Mila Schön's cotton batiste Edwardian blouse—tucks, lace, ruffles; a long flounced black taffeta skirt. Foster-Willi lace; Taroni taffeta. At Martha; I. Magnin....*Right:* Stacks of big, clanky gold-and-wood bracelets on her arms—you hear her coming, the girl in the Grès white wool pants suit awash in a glorious Grès cape. Soft, biasy, double-faced wool-and-angora jersey—off-white inside, palest beige out. All this, and the scent of Cabochard. Fabrics: Chatillon-Mouly-Roussel; Veron. To order at Bonwit Teller. Coiffures: Christophe Carita.

SYLVIE VARTAN

JOHNNY
HALLYDAY

FRANK HORVAT

THE COUTURE
LOOK
PARIS, ITALY

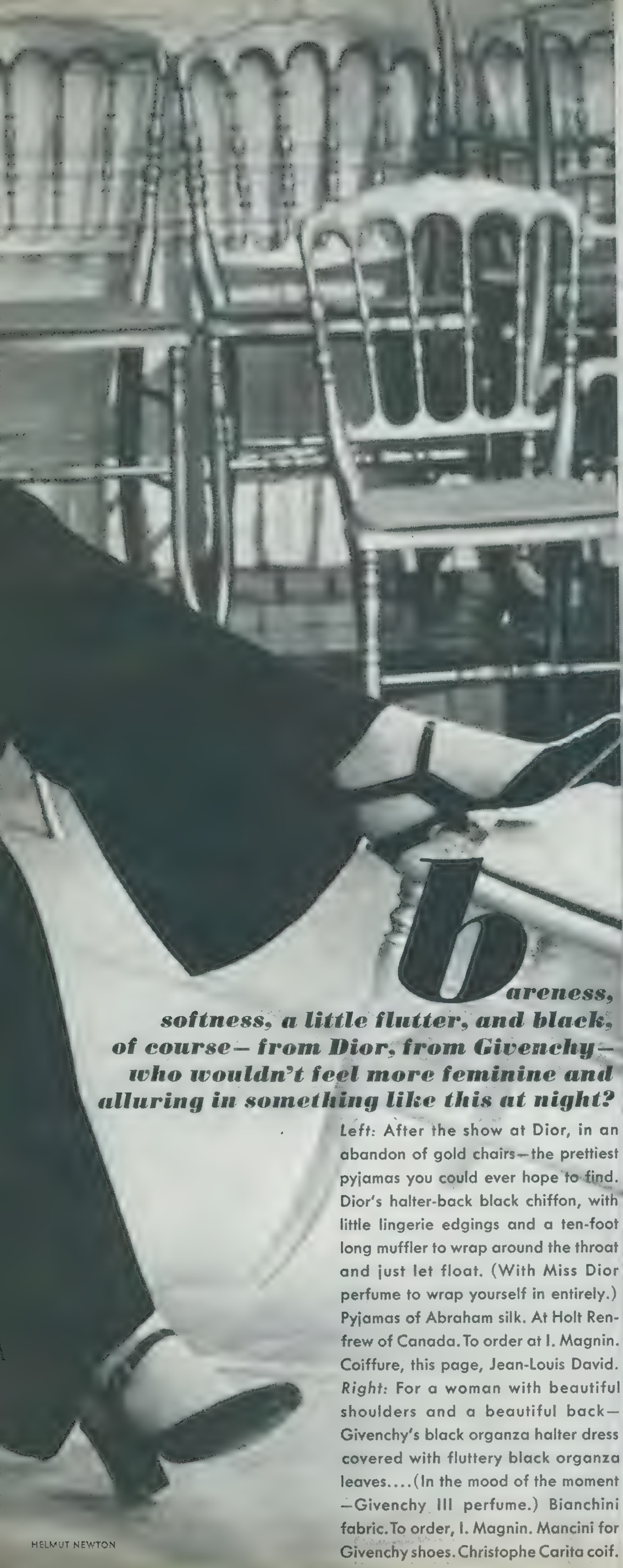
at the best parties... the prettiest girls are in pale colors, small neat prints—like these from Galitzine, Chanel, André Laug, Ricci, Patou

Opposite left: Galitzine's lacy white cotton blouse under a flounced navy bolero; with a navy-and-white gingham-checked taffeta skirt. Satam fabric. To order at I. Magnin. Necklace: Borbonese, designed by Galitzine.... *Opposite top:* A Chanel girl in Chanel: Dana de Nerciat in a natural Honan silk dress with blouson top, black tie, pleats—like a suit ...a Chanel suit. (Chanel No. 5 in the air.) Taroni silk.... *Opposite below:* Wonderful late-day separates from André Laug—navy double-faced wool jacket, white silk crêpe shirt, chiffon pleats in a precise little pattern of navy and white. Agnona wool. At Martha.... *Left:* Ricci's silk shantung pants suit in a small, neat navy-and-white print with a navy silk halter (and an air of L'Air du Temps). Fournier shantung; Bianchini silk. Bonwit Teller.... *Below:* The pale shantung suit from Patou—shirt-jacket, pleats, black-and-white cotton shirt stripes; classic good looks (and Joy!) all the way. Bianchini silk. All coifs: Christophe Carita.



FRANK HORVAT

THE COUTURE LOOK
PARIS



bareness, softness, a little flutter, and black, of course— from Dior, from Givenchy— who wouldn't feel more feminine and alluring in something like this at night?

Left: After the show at Dior, in an abandon of gold chairs—the prettiest pyjamas you could ever hope to find. Dior's halter-back black chiffon, with little lingerie edgings and a ten-foot long muffler to wrap around the throat and just let float. (With Miss Dior perfume to wrap yourself in entirely.) Pyjamas of Abraham silk. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. To order at I. Magnin. Coiffure, this page, Jean-Louis David. *Right:* For a woman with beautiful shoulders and a beautiful back—Givenchy's black organza halter dress covered with fluttery black organza leaves....(In the mood of the moment —Givenchy III perfume.) Bianchini fabric. To order, I. Magnin. Mancini for Givenchy shoes. Christophe Carita coif.

HELMUT NEWTON

FRANK HORVAT



THE COUTURE LOOK
PARIS, ITALY



bareness with plunge at Saint Laurent, bareness with dolman sleeves from Valentino— so many ways you can show a little skin at night. So many things that make a woman feel pretty, seductive—a thin piece of silver at the waist... a flower...soft, short hair

Left: Bareness at Saint Laurent—a long two-piece dress of navy crêpe de Chine—all pleats and low V's front and back, held by strass rings and a narrow silver belt...(and covered, invisibly, by a cloud of his Parfum Y). Abraham fabric. Holt Renfrew of Canada. To order: I. Magnin.... *Right:* When you want to be very covered and very bare—and very alluring—all at once: Valentino's black chiffon wrapped in a pink silk cummerbund—the deepest dolman sleeves, the longest slit to the waist, the biggest pink rose. Bises chiffon. At Martha; Marshall Field. Bracelet: Borbonese for Valentino. Jean-Louis David coiffures.

HELMUT NEWTON



ALEX CHATELAIN

INTERNATIONAL
BEAUTY BULLETIN

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HAIR MAKEUP BEAUTY..

THE NEWS FOR SPRING FOR SUMMER FROM LONDON, PARIS, ROME

Paris: "Everything focuses, zeroes in on a luscious, shiny, bright-coral mouth. Above: At Saint Laurent, a giant brimmed white straw hat, enormous tinted glasses cover almost everything but that beautiful mouth. . . . Makeup is lighter, more raffiné . . . there is fresh spring green for the eyes—at Orlane: pistachio eye liner, willow-green powder shadow, deep-green mascara—rosy-pink cheeks, very glossy vermilion or coral for the lips. . . . All, a way to go right into summer, with all the white and pale clothes. . . . Powder is very much a part of this gayer, more delicate face. The best is thin, light, translucent. . . . One is aware of eyebrows: shaped, but not thin. . . ."

ROME: "Grandmother's recipes are the rage in Rome. Femme Sistina, whose clients include Queen Margrethe of Denmark, Queen Anna Maria of Greece, singer Joan Sutherland, advises—'Before the hot summer, and when the moon is new, singe the hair with a candle.' [Amateurs beware!] . . . 'The night before a shampoo, massage with olive oil; in the morning, shampoo with egg yolk. . . . Set your hair with a dry red Burgundy.' . . . For tired eyes, 'compresses soaked in Witch Hazel and chipped ice for ten minutes with feet propped high on cushions.' . . . Sergio Valente rinses brown hair in extract of tea, camomile for blondes. . . . For two days a month, Princess Irene Galitzine goes on a health cure: no solid food, only herbal teas—camomile, verbena, rose hips, and peppermint. . . ."

PARIS: Coming over every woman in Paris—a compelling urge to cut her hair, to bare the nape of the neck. The aim: thick hair that moves with controlled wave. What she wants is pretty well and very prettily summed up in Carita's Tango line, *below*, that needn't turn a curl to move from one morning until almost the next.



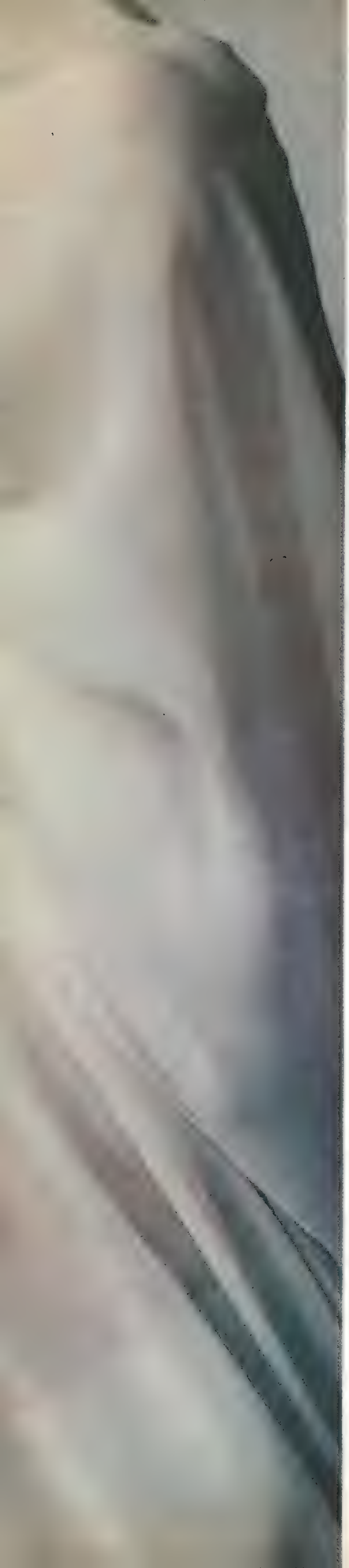
London "It's unanimous—bobbed hair. . . . Leonard does The Bob with a heavy fringe, or a side parting. Smooth, shiny, sleek; no waves or curls. . . . Twiggy, Lady Sarah Courage, Sue Baloo, Mrs. Orson Welles, her daughter and sister-in-law have all been in to Leonard for The Bob. Donna Jordan has The Bob wig. Color news here—Persian henna, deeper than the Egyptian variety—auburn rather than orange, and a two-inch-wide band of lighter hair at the hairline to contrast with the rest of the head. . . . Christopher at Vidal Sassoon says, 'Short bobs (I wish there were a new name) showing the neck or just covering it. The two-layered cut—short on top, long in back—is dead-wrong for clothes now.' . . . Michael of Michaeljohn says, 'The Bob has taken over—shiny, sleek and smooth.' . . . Aldo at the Cadogan Club is cutting 'very, very, very short bobs with bangs or without. Hair this short has no interest if it is all one color. It must be streaked.' . . . Lots of polish, lots of bobs at Smile, Molton Brown, Heads, and Ricci Burns. . . ."

ROME: "Gil of Max Factor states that the following are definitely out of fashion in makeup: thin eyebrows or penciled ones; the 'no-mouth' look, geometric hair styles" . . . colored dots on the face are very much à la mode in the evening—one red, one green, and why not . . . a palette. . . . Everybody seems to be doing something about the color of the hair—streaks, henna, platinum blond cut like a little Greek head (influenced by Twiggy in The Boyfriend). Duchesa Lidia Sforza Cesarini has highlights dyed into her hair by Olivier of Rome. You never see a woman with jet black hair at balls or big parties. Very dark hair makes the features look hard, and is tinted at least two tones lighter. . . .

PARIS: What a delicious way to go to a party, in this ravishment from Chanel, *opposite* . . . everything about it calculated to gleam, to light up your face, and the room—white satin pyjamas, a black satin jacket lavished in white ostrich feathers, yards of pearls around the throat, pearls at the ears to light the face . . . Chanel wizardry, all of it, and irresistible. . . . This is the very essence of the new mood of Paris, a new period of caring very much about how one looks. And how one cares to look is like this—*soignée*, luxurious, pampered—rose-lacquered oval nails, translucent ivory skin, gleaming coral-rose mouth, a soft shine around the eyes under perfectly shaped eyebrows. The hair controlled, coiffed with the versatile fringe swept, as here, off the brow and back, a thick wave to the ear lobes. The final pampering luxury—a cloud of Chanel #5. . . . Pyjamas: Abraham satin. Hair: Christophe Carita.

FRANK HORVAT









INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY BULLETIN

The girls at Courrèges are always the strongest, surest, most vital creatures around, always, seemingly, in Olympic Games shape. . . . Above right, the Courrèges-designed official uniform for employees

PARIS: at the Summer Olympics in Munich. Hostesses, attendants, and other employees, some 3,600 strong, will dress like this: white knit short jumpsuit, red crinkle ciré blouson, white socks and gloves, red cap and baby shoes. Everything aimed for a trig effect, freedom of movement. Lots of movement needed, by the way, to get in shape for looks that bare the knee, the thigh. Right now, call the gym. . . .

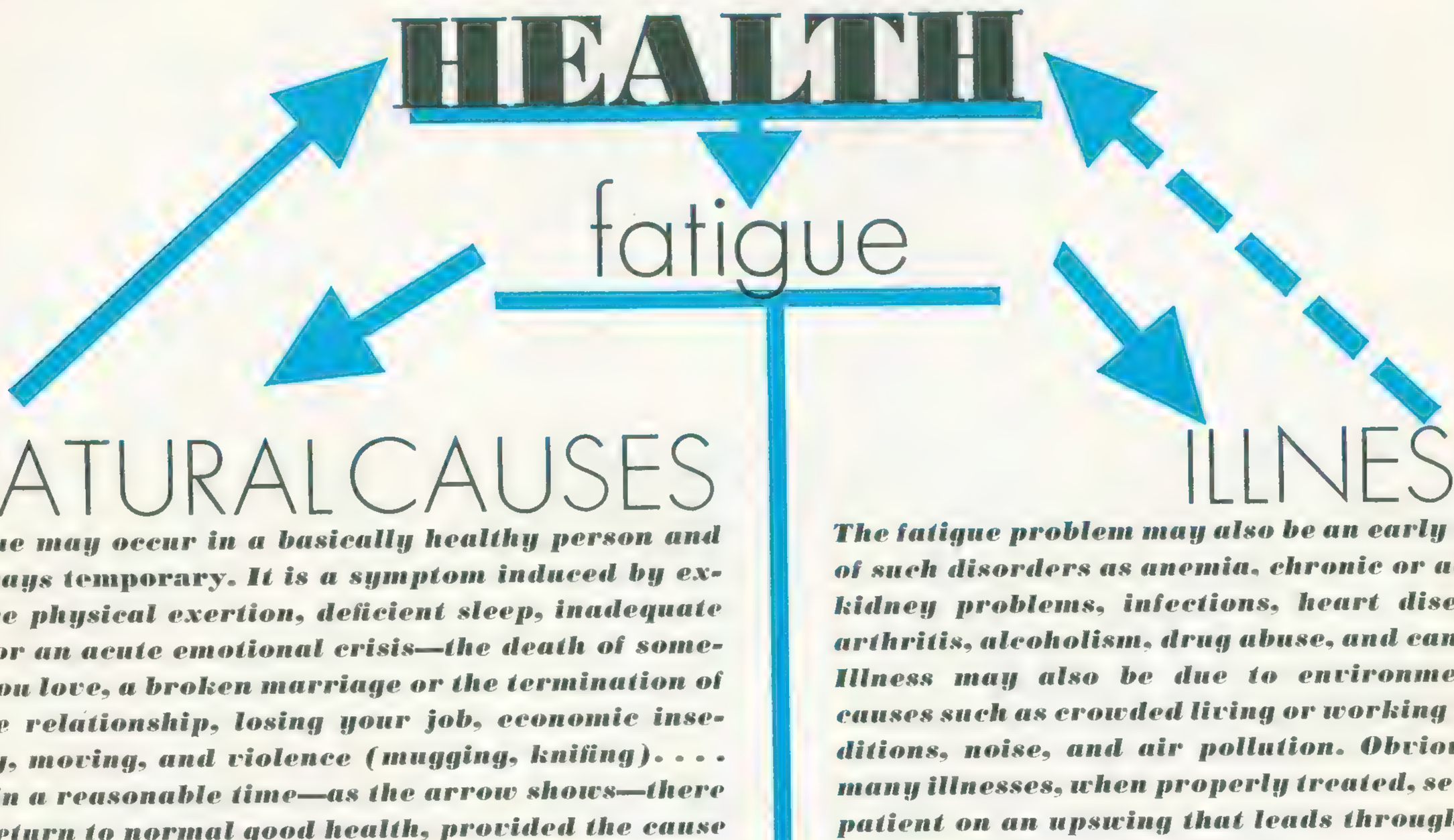
PARIS: Bareness is the fashion message everywhere, as above, left, at Ungaro. Brilliant, bare little crochet pullover in stinging orange and green with claret suède jodhpurs (see page 81). . . . Back, arms, legs, midriff—this summer you will be baring more of you than ever to summer breezes, and to the world's eye . . . right now, start perfecting—via constant use of loofa sponge and pumice stone, depilatory and creams . . . the skin you bare will gleam taut across the bones, superbly smooth to see, to touch. . . .

London: "Softer make-up, blending color, shades of blue into mauve into green . . . bright lipsticks, but a turn from red to pink . . . for the young and fun-loving, the carnival look—big round red circles painted on the cheeks—healthy, glowing, and fun. . . . The way to get the glow going—Dancercise. Two studios run by Phyllis Morgan with exercises done to music from Spanish to the Beatles to electronic. The idea is to train the body to move in a beautiful way, see actual body change in seven weeks." . . .

PARIS: WHITE IS THE STAR of the spring-summer collection. At Dior, designer Marc Bohan and makeup man Serge Lutens worked together on creating *The* makeup to wear with white. Lutens tells it this way: "The cloud face, translucent, jade-like, opalescent . . . a way of becoming a dream. . . . Not transparent makeup, it is a way of using makeup to give an impression of transparence. . . . It is a fashion: a woman dressed in white with a pale clear face with the sheen of a pearl, lips soft as a pink whisper, bright clear eyes—a beauty of dawn." Goes about it this way: Dior makeup base Sable on cheekbones and throat, Géranium rouge, quite a lot of Dior Invisible Plus Translufine powder, brushed off with a puff; Blanc eye shadow on lids, and the faintest touch of pink under the outer edge of the brow, Diormatic mascara; Sugar Rose lip gloss. Dolman-sleeved blouse in double layers of the most gossamer white chiffon, frieze of spiky white lace at throat, wrists. Marc Bohan for Dior (Abraham fabric). Marshall Field. Hair, Christophe Carita.

DAVID BAILEY

FATIGUE *the danger*



Jane Welsh Carlyle, wife of the difficult and dyspeptic Thomas (who, in spite of his traumas, favored accepting the universe), wrote in 1852, "I am very tired, and the more tired I am the less I sleep." The cause of her frequent bouts of nervous distress remains something of a medical mystery; her woe, far from unusual in the 1970's. But today's doctor, hopefully, would have a go at unraveling the mystery. . . . Certainly Mrs. Carlyle's sex life was not the stuff of bliss. Indeed, the Carlyle marriage was so given to turbulence that they spent weeks, even months apart, during which she did impressive amounts of needlework and the more amusing tasks of housekeeping. . . . Aside from this nerve-soothing work with her hands, she diverted a superb rush of creative energy to writing the letters that made her a famous literary correspondent. . . . Good remedies, but in her case, they did not correct the underlying cause. (As in the case of *Guys and Dolls*' Miss Adelaide, they never got anywhere near where the trouble was.)

"Tired? Rundown? Listless?"—the siren song of endless commercials—has been so firmly petitpointed in the modern woman's mind that the words fairly lust for exposure. And get it. According to most doctors, the first complaint they hear from a patient is, "I'm tired." . . . "I haven't any pep." . . . "I'm worn out all the time."

This may be the simple expression of normal weariness readily calculable to the physician, a temporary lapse from good health usually caused by too much work, too little fun, too little sleep, skipped meals, jet lag, and the like. All natural causes of fatigue. . . . *But is there something more*? The doctor receiving the I'm-tired signal may, in fact, be hearing a veiled cry for help, and in the course of his practice, he learns to become an astute private eye, a skilled questioner, a confidante—all in addition to carrying out a proper examination and running a battery of tests to aid in his evaluation of the purely physical state of the patient.

"***Fatigue is only a symptom,***" explained Dr. Richard N. Kohl, a man of composed and penetrating eye, who is Medical Director of the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic at The New York Hospital and a Professor of Psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College. "Physical fatigue is transient and contained within a reasonable time limit; it disappears with rest and sleep. Even a moderately long convalescence—say, from infectious hepatitis, mononucleosis, and various viral infections—is still primarily physiological; and rest, the remedy. Psychic fatigue, a vastly different and potentially more dangerous exhaustion, arises, said Dr. Kohl "out of conflicts and frustrations." (Of this thorny ground, more later.)

Dr. Elmer Kramer, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at The New York Hospital and Attending Obstetrician and Gynecologist at Cornell University, has—to limelight the obvious—encountered and observed a great many women, many of them "tired." . . . Silver-maned, with a lean, natural elegance unmuffled by hospital whites, he shot his basic thesis straight from the hip: "The major cause of fatigue in women of any age is lost interest in things . . . no goals in marriage or in their jobs. Women think they're over the hill at any age—thirty, thirty-five, thirty-eight. They think their youth is gone; they begin to see a few bulges here and there, perhaps see their husbands looking around. They've lost their initial drive and push. . . . You can be tired if you don't have a beau or your job is frustrating and certainly if your marriage is shaky."

"Tired" is the starting point of the medical puzzle, and cracking the patient's code for communicating his real problems is one of the most fascinating, taxing, vexing, and satisfying aspects of a doctor's work . . . "Some people are just not interested in how they tick," allowed Dr. Constance Friess, Associate Professor of Clinical Medicine at The New York Hospital. "For in-

BY ROSEMARY BLACKMON

signal you can't ignore

ADVICE FROM AN INTERNIST . . . A GYNECOLOGIST . . . A PSYCHIATRIST

stance, there is the person who obviously has poor posture but does not associate it with her backache and fatigue." The mini-chart, left, was devised by Dr. Friess to illustrate possible dips from robust health to fatigue; the reassuring bounce back to health under normal circumstances; and the more perilous slide into illness. With proper treatment, a number of actual illnesses can, in fact, take the high road back—indicated by the slit arrow—through fatigue to health or, at any rate, to a pleasant, liveable compromise with the vigor of twenty-two and the reduced energies, occasional aches of fifty-five-plus.

"Any woman who really knows herself," said Dr. Friess right off the bat, "knows when she's headed for trouble." But how much does she tell her doctor? How clear and open is she? Does she ask enough questions? Does she somehow hope that her husband will take over and carry her through a bad time by asking the questions she could put more exactly herself? . . . Learning to respond to your own sensations and expressing them can very effectively speed the work of the physician in picking up clues to pathology and restoring your own well-being.

Baring the truth as you walk to the door after a post-checkup talk rates higher than zero, but it wastes productive time. In Dr. Friess's experience, true confessions follow a pattern: "People will admit to smoking sooner than they will to heavy drinking or alcoholism. Drugs are the very last thing they'll talk about."

Top priority on any physician's list is ruling out physical causes of fatigue. This exploration usually falls to the internist, but if a woman turns first to a specialist, he will fill in the history by talking privately with her internist. The bare essentials of a "checkup" include a full case history, a record of eating habits, sleep patterns, alcoholic intake, previous illnesses, surgery, and so forth, plus a complete physical examination, urinalysis, blood count, X ray of the chest, and an electrocardiogram in the age group over thirty. In some cases, special tests will be necessary in order to prove or disprove the fears of the patient or of the doctor.

Many people who prove sound of mind and limb—even when reassured by practical and scientific evidence—go on feeling tired and "generally lousy." Several years ago a well known British medical journal pointed out with some ire that such cases are, all too often, diagnosed as chronic nervous fatigue, a catch-all useful when no organic disorders are apparent.

"Medicinal crutches," in Dr. Kramer's phrase, frequently come into play at this point—amphetamines, tranquilizers, or sleeping pills. "Everybody depends on crutches these days," he added more in anger than in sorrow. "And when you get a combination of pills plus a few drinks, there's a synergistic action of drugs about which we probably know very little, and we don't know now what effect this may have on the heart."

For the woman who has a complex, fast-trigged working day at home or in an office and who wants to sparkle in the evening, amphetamines—according to Dr. Friess—may actually *cause* fatigue because the quick pick-up wears off, leaving in its wake increased tiredness.

Anyone who is fundamentally healthy must be made aware of the fact that "crutches" are just that, and nothing more. The doctor who prescribes them should explain that the patient's symptoms—often more significant than tests—are entirely real, but *only the symptoms are being relieved.* . . . "The woman who asks for 100 seconal capsules (sleeping pills) every two months should be challenged by her doctor," said Dr. Kramer. The person who is *unable* to throw away his crutches is at a great disadvantage if he does not keep in touch with his physician, who will—hopefully—consider the problem in relation to the subject's life-style, work, family, and sex life. . . . "Really," said Dr. Friess with characteristic directness, "the most important thing in a woman's life, is an ever growing relationship with a man, whether this takes place within or without the framework of marriage, and in most cases, whether or not it ultimately leads to motherhood."

Clinical fatigue occurs when exertion (that is, expended energy, leading in some cases to overstimulation) exhausts the body or the brain cells or both. In normal situations, sleep is the sure restorative.

Psychic fatigue—the plague of healthy bodies—strikes with infinite subtlety and danger. Often masked or "defended," it has, nevertheless, certain manifestations in a woman's appearance—a tight, drawn look, a lack of alertness, dark circles under the eyes, sagging posture, lagging gait. Dr. Kohl, with the proviso that all these signs are easier to spot in someone you've seen before, considers a slow, shuffling, aged gait a giveaway of possible depression and has sometimes noted it in people still in their twenties.

Weekend fatigue among young women with rather interesting jobs cropped up in the observations of both Dr. Kohl and Dr. Kramer. The non-working lives of these women may be humdrum; they may have beaux, but not the right beau. Weekends are the hard times around the corner from Friday; between Monday and Tuesday their jaunty manner revives. (A solid statement, we feel, but in our experience the girl who works for an attractive medical man finds lesser males extremely lesser.)

Rarely visible, but a definite warning of the fatigue-depression syndrome, is the "lackluster loss of interest" that takes over when a woman's life becomes repetitive and mundane, and this, Dr. Kramer maintains, "has no connection with physical health or age."

Boredom is the word—simple, undiluted boredom—that looms behind all these dilemmas. And boredom is the thing to fight before it plays havoc with your life. It was accident, no doubt, that led us to ask Constance Friess what women cited as the deepest root of boredom, and she replied instantly: "Housework." . . . Oh, those marvelous machines that have supposedly given the American woman a life of leisure to watch the soaps and learn how Josephine can clean their sinks! Somehow they haven't wiped out boredom.

The serious danger points are reached when you find boredom keeps you from getting things done, you avoid seeing people, you duck parties, your sleep is broken or you want to sleep on and on into the day, and your interest in sex is peculiarly dull. . . . "People for whom sex is frequent and enjoyable are less subject to fatigue than others," according to Dr. Kohl. . . . Dr. Kramer stresses the need for sexual compatibility in marriage: "Women want more sex now . . . and some men are over the hill at thirty-six."

Sexy or not, know when you're bored beyond endurance. "Everybody has encountered monotony," said Dr. Kohl, "and everybody has certainly experienced the fatigue that goes with a frustrating situation at work or at home." Most people throw this off quite quickly. If it persists, along with the feeling that you're too tired to go to parties or keep dinner engagements, do something stimulating. Physical activity—especially exercise, sports—is unquestionably the best antidote as well as the best preventive measure for this variety of psychic fatigue. But anything that turns you on, in Dr. Kohl's opinion, will also pep you up—A.J. Leibling would have gone to the races: "It empties the mind and fills the lungs with air." . . . Dr. Kohl suggests a movie, a special project, a new environment; if you travel, see and learn things—"don't rot in your own suntan oil." He, for instance, finds foreign cities more reviving than the resort scene. On country weekends during the New York summer, if he feels collapsed-on-arrival, he finds *forcing* himself to have a fast swim instead of a nap is a great pick-up. . . . The key word here is force. To yield to fatigue for which there is no adequate physiological reason is to enhance it.

What emerges powerfully from all medical indications is (Continued on page 118)



RAINCOATS—A

New short cuts to swing over pants... and beat the weather

Fastest cut in the rain. left: Weatherbee's écru twill poncho zipped up the front, snapped under the arms, and off for a walk ...a drive...a weekend. As easy as that/as dashy as this—over a navy pull and plaid pants, with a soft, squashy, sou'westery hat. **Beige poplin chopper,** near right—from Main Street by Tom Fallon, with neat, small riding-jacket shoulders and a deep pleat in back to give it that swing over pants. **Rainy-day smock,** far right, yoked in back, with patch pockets, button-up front; by Aquanala, in beige poplin.

Left: Of water-repellent Dacron and cotton (Oxley & Lord fabric); about $16 Lord & Taylor, Hengerer's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres....*Near right:* Of water-repellent Dacron and cotton (Oxley & Lord fabric); about $56. At Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman, Halle's-Cleveland, Hudson's; I. Magnin....*Far right:* Of silicone-finished polyester and cotton (Stoffel fabric); about $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Jacobson's, Michigan. Accessories, next to last page. Coifs on these and the next two pages: Jean Louis David

CHANGE IN THE WEATHER



A CHANGE

Full-protection plans—the smock-and-pants suit, the longer coat

Zinging in the rain-suit, this page: Patou's bright red canvas smock and cuffed-up pants—as dry as you can be in the wet. **The most raincoat,** opposite page—small and trim as a shirt above the waist, with a long full skirt for absolute weather-beating. A lot of cover—a lot of dash—from Calvin Klein, in khaki. *This page:* Of cotton (Bucol fabric); about $250. Saks Fifth Avenue.... *Opposite page:* Of water-repellent Fortrel and cotton (Wamsutta Fabrics); about $85. Bloomingdale's; B. Forman; Joseph Horne; May D & F. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

IN THE WEATHER



ALEX CHATELAIN

THE WEEKEND

"GOOD CONVERSATION OVER 48 HOURS."

Mrs. W. Averell Harriman said, summing up the weekend. "It should be an expansion of the brain as well as a possibility for sports." The Harrimans live in Washington, D. C., weekend in Westchester, New York. In spring and summer they invite friends with children and grandchildren, so the young can kick it up outdoors all day, only suffer their elders at easy lunch and dinner buffets. Pamela Harriman sorts weekends into American and European categories (the European gives more time to be with friends).

EUROPEAN WEEKEND: Spent at someone's house; most meals and cozy exercise and entertainments centered right there. Much good talk. Time: Friday teatime to Monday morning.

AMERICAN WEEKEND: Lots of visiting; friends coming in; three out of four meals out; an exchange of people and places. Tennis and golf at the ready. Time: Saturday lunch to Sunday, before or after dinner depending on the traffic.

don't PLAN AHEAD!

David Saltonstall, program director at The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, and his wife, **Stella,** one of the directors of the Phoenix Theater and of the American Ballet Theatre, among other things, worked out their family weekend choreography when they rented a house in East Hampton, Long Island. Now they have a summer refuge on the coast of Maine. There, the plan works just as well, with shifts in emphasis. Here is Stella Saltonstall's East Hampton timetable: "David and most guests come out on the plane on Friday afternoon. I drive out early Friday and do not stop for anything. Hard and fast rule: I do not think anything about the weekend before I get in the car and leave the city. I'm too busy to plan during the week, and it's fun to have something to think about on the trip."

Arrival five-step:

1. *Open all windows.*
2. *Give all plants, in and out of the house, a good drenching.*
3. *Put out outdoor furniture and pads.*
4. *Fill vases with water and leave by sink.*
5. *Go shopping.*

"Our weekend lasts until Monday morning. That translates into three dinners and two lunches. I plan lunches first around the notion that it is highly unlikely there will be two sunny days in a row in any one beach weekend. So, one lunch will be a 'portable' for the beach, one will be a 'stationary.'

"My first shopping stop is the farmer's market in Amagansett for vegetables and fruits to last until Sunday. I leave an order for Sunday delivery of more fresh things: tomatoes, corn, lettuce. Then on to Stuart's Sea Food market for sea bass, fresh clams (first course, Friday night), or lobster. Next, the flower market, Vetault's, for masses of whatever is in bloom: daisies, baby's breath, dahlias, zinnias. Now, home to arrange flowers in waiting vases, put away groceries, and call Douglas Warner's for eggs, milk, and meat on the four o'clock delivery. (I never eat Friday lunch.)

"Guests generally arrive about 5:30, and I deliberately give them an unwinding period to do anything they want—some go to the beach, some unpack. David putters in the garden; and while everybody decelerates, I make the salad and start the dinner, mostly cooked outdoors the first night. Our bar is in the kitchen and at about 6:30 everyone comes in and gets his drink and talks to me while I do last-minute chores. I try to finish by 7:30 and we move outside.

"Saturday morning (we never wake anybody up), breakfast is in the kitchen and people help themselves. I set things out the night before—it's the last chore before going to bed. On Saturday we pack up and go to the beach at about 11:00. (Day worker comes in to make beds, do dishes. She leaves by 2:30.) At 4:30 I nap and the others go their separate ways—tennis, puzzles, beach, sleep."

PORTABLE BEACH LUNCH:
SLICE AN UNCUT LOAF OF BREAD HORIZONTALLY INTO FOUR SLICES WITH THE TOP CRUST AS THE FIFTH SLICE. SPREAD LAYERS WITH DIFFERENT FILLINGS:
1. CURRIED EGG SALAD
2. MASHED SARDINES WITH LIME JUICE
3. SLICED CUCUMBERS WITH BUTTER AND CHOPPED DILL
4. REPEAT SARDINES

FROST WHOLE LOAF WITH THINNED CREAM CHEESE. STORE IN FREEZER UNTIL VERY COLD—PREFERABLY OVERNIGHT. TAKE TO BEACH IN INSULATED BAG.

Stella's rules:

1. Give guests what they can't get in the city. People like a wicker basket piled with fresh peas that they can shell or corn to husk, together with a drink, more than any fancy thing you can prepare.
2. Don't plan too much. I often don't decide in advance what to have for Sunday lunch and ask my guests what they'd like. The shops are open on Sundays.
3. I never go to a market I don't like. I love the farmer's market and hate the drugstore. So I use the telephone, and only visit those I enjoy.
4. Always have lots of books to read (in the event of foul weather or moods). Have enough things for your guests' needs—including lots of writing paper and sweaters.
5. Don't plan group activities—don't ask everyone to be with everyone all the time. If it happens spontaneously, let it develop.
6. Let guests do what they want gracefully. (A good guest doesn't demand that he be entertained all the time.)
7. If a guest wants to help, let him do something, but not as much as he offers to do.
8. Have good food and wine. At the beginning of the summer, we cart out two cases of white and one of red wine to start the season. We order eight bottles of one type for a large party; and the others in three- or four-bottle quantities. We generally have beer with hamburgers. I keep hard-boiled eggs, cheese, crudités in the refrigerator for those who want to help themselves or not go to the beach.

"Elements of a good weekend? Spontaneity with planning behind it—so there is a pleasant context. Weekends are not a time to introduce people who might be difficult with each other. I assume that my guests lead lives similar to mine—overcommitted, overextended—by the time they arrive they are tired. The weekend is a respite."

BARBARALEE DIAMONSTEIN

RENT A ROLLING HOUSE. As well-thought-out as a yacht's cabin, the new camper "Discoverer" has sleep-space for four, a slick little kitchen, an all-there bathroom (plan, *below*). For a weekend, Avis rents "Discoverers" for, depending on season and city, from $125 to $195, plus ten cents a mile.



what real people do

START STRONG: To serve outdoors in a Saturday sunset, pestle anchovies with garlic and olive oil to a creamy paste for anchoyade. The unquenchable Paris hairdresser and country cook **Alexandre** serves it on toast or cold sliced sweet potatoes. Or pound sardines with garlic, olive oil, lemon juice, and capers into a dip for crudités—not forgetting iced, thin-sliced raw potato, celery root, and tender young zucchini.

play it loose and easy

BRING YOUR OWN CAR, AS MRS. GEORGIANA FARR DOES FOR INDEPENDENCE AND ALL-ROUND HELPFULNESS. AND—THREE CHEERS—SHE LEAVES HER DOG AT A KENNEL.

DAY-OPENER: In Rome, **Beverly Pepper,** artist, and her husband, **Bill,** reporter and writer, serve breakfast surprise—scrambled eggs slashed with yogurt. (They brought the culture from the United States: Italian yogurt is too thin.) Addenda: wild honey from West Virginia, whole-grain breads, Italian white wine.

PICK A PARTY PATTERN: STICK TO IT. In England, **Fleur Cowles,** vivid, imaginative painter, writer, party-giver, gives Wednesday dinners in her Albany flat in London; in Sussex, house parties on alternate weekends, and an everyone-in lunch every Sunday. Point: security of routine planning, loyalty from the staff.

KICK COCKTAILS FOR KIR: Keeping the weekend drink spiral cool, **Emmanuelle Khanh,** the Paris clothes designer, slips in Kir at drinktime: a Burgundy-sized wine glass of icy white wine colored rose peach with a little crème de cassis. Gilding the greatest summer weekend dessert—fresh-fruit salad—she serves it in a two-foot-tall crystal vase.

TAKE AN EMPTY CANVAS DUFFEL BAG on weekends. **Mrs. Francis B. Farr** has one labeled "Do Not Disturb." Lydia, who rides, plays tennis, goes all weekend like a blond streak of lightning, puts in it all her laundry, neatly out of the household's way.

FLING A COUNTRY DANCE: At their house in Touraine in the Loire land of France, **Barbara Riboud,** the sculptor and jewelry designer, and her husband, **Marc Riboud** (whose beautiful photographs of China are now at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York), threw an all-night summer dance for 130: friends from Paris, London, Zurich, New York, and the neighboring farms. "We transformed the barn into a theater where an actor friend gave a Maupassant recital. After dinner we danced in the barn, then gathered around a campfire near a pond and sang Russian songs until dawn."

NIGHT-FOOD FOR A BARN DANCE

Huge country loaves with Brittany sausages and smoked ham
Two whole sheep roasted in a mechoui (an Algerian barbecue over charcoal-filled trenches)
Rice salads with nuts and raisins
Vinaigrette dressing with chopped fresh chives, chervil, parsley, tarragon
Masses of cheeses
Vins de Touraine
Deep-dish apple pies, baked by Barbara, who comes from Philadelphia

TAKE WHEELS AND FLY. In their little red-and-white four-seating Piper Cherokee single-engined plane, young and dauntless **Elsa** and **Harold Levy** can crow-fly to islands: Martha's Vineyard, Block, Fishers. They land, unpack folding bicycles, and pedal away. (If they had a two-engine plane, they'd change to folding motorbikes.)

SPLASH IN THE BATH. In her house at Lyford Cay in the Bahamas, **Mrs. John Goulandris** stocks guests' bathrooms with, as well as the usefuls, some bountifuls: outsized bottles of perfumes and colognes for men and women; huge jars of hypoallergenic skin creams; hair dryers, rollers, setting lotion, and sprays. In the bath house: all kinds of sun protectors.

"Breakfast is the only meal that really interests me,"

said **Mrs. Howard Cushing, Jr.,** who, as Caroline Windisch-Graetz, was raised in England and married into the apparently innumerable Rhode Island Cushing tribe. "In Newport there are so many of us I often make breakfast for twenty. In Massachusetts the children pick huge sacks of crab apples and clean them for me—I just boil them with equal quantities of sugar for a good jam. We have fresh brown Newport eggs (usually boiled or shirred), bacon, sausages, protein toast, lots of honey, and masses of fresh-fruit salad. I have good old-fashioned housekeeping books with lots of breakfast dishes. We serve a proper breakfast—it's the only time when everyone sees each other—in the dining room with Normandy rooster china my mother gave me, more roosters on the cloths and napkins (you can get them at Soupçon, in New York)."

GUEST-THINK: Pack your telephone credit card to cut fidgets over weekend calls. **Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell,** a dream of a guest, packs hers—plus hair dryer, Carmen curlers, and her makeup tucked in small plastic containers to cut bathroom clutter.

"Mix generations and always have 'lions.' Extremely important to have good-looking young people,"

said **The Honorable Mrs. Vere Harmsworth,** one of England's most gifted entertainers (she loathes the word "hostess").

PACK SMALL: **Mme. Bernard Camu** takes a wisp of a suitcase, squished with marvelous jersey clothes that don't need pressing. The bulk is all her superb gold chains and bracelets.

LIVE BY THE POOL—WITH SPLASH. In Switzerland: Near Geneva, at his eighteenth-century house scrawled across a hill, the Swiss investment banker **Christian Stucki** gives wet guests lunch by the pool or in the poolhouse with its small kitchen. Summer days, he chills his French wines, both red and white, pulls together international food. For one cold menu:

INTERNATIONAL POOL FOOD

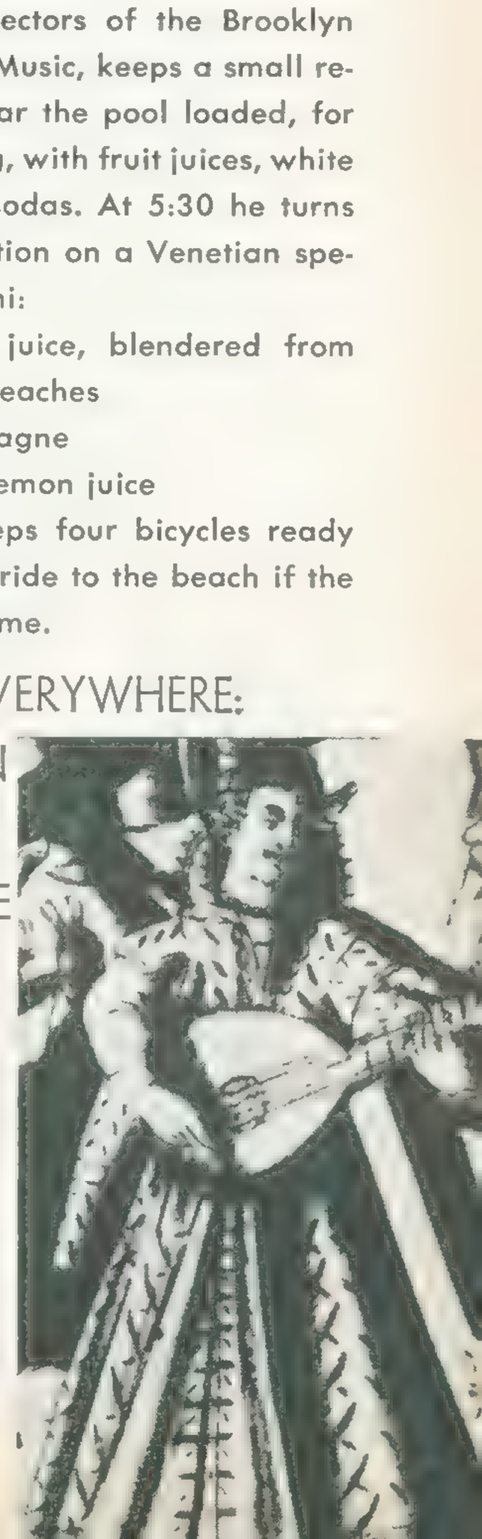
ITALY:
VITELLO TONNATO
U.S.A.:
SOUTHERN-FRIED CHICKEN
FRANCE:
LOBSTER TAILS IN ASPIC
SWITZERLAND:
FORÊT NOIRE, THICK CHOCOLATE CAKE LAYERED WITH WHIPPED CREAM

On Long Island: At his twentieth-century version of a Greek pavilion, **Donald Blinken,** president of the board of directors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, keeps a small refrigerator near the pool loaded, for guests' taking, with fruit juices, white wine, beer, sodas. At 5:30 he turns out his variation on a Venetian special, the Bellini:

⅓ peach juice, blendered from fresh peaches
⅔ champagne
Dash of lemon juice

Note: He keeps four bicycles ready for guests to ride to the beach if the pool is too tame.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE: HAVE AN OUTLET POOLSIDE FOR AN INSIDE-OUTSIDE HI-FI SYSTEM



A VIEW FROM THE COUNTRY:
A WEEKEND WITH

THE Arthur Millers

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL

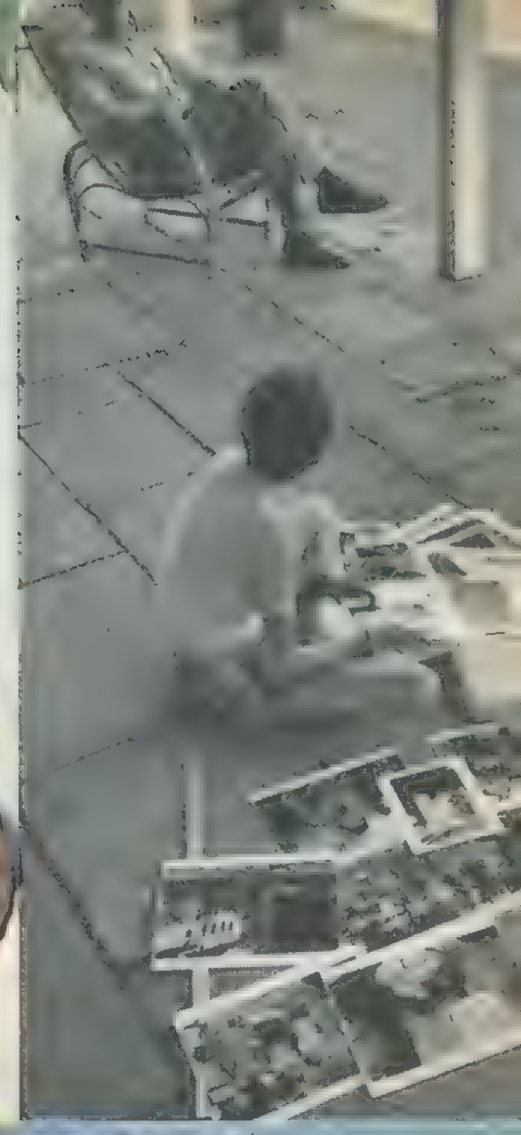
"So tell me when you can come? Why don't you come on Friday?" Inge Miller's voice, with its tales-from-the-Vienna-Woods accent, is a welcoming shout on the phone, inviting guests for the weekend...."Four people is ideal," in Inge's view. "One basic dish—you can fill it up with different components. With six, it becomes complicated. It's too much the same without being intimate."

Far left: Inge as Inge Morath, photographer, off to shoot some landscapes ..."I know where the light is right." Left: Inge as Mrs. Arthur Miller, wife of the playwright —with her husband on the lawn in front of their Connecticut farmhouse.















A weekend with the Arthur Millers

By Lydia McClean

In Arthur Miller's play, *After the Fall,* the principal character, Quentin, says in one scene, "I can't bear to be a separate person." . . . No one who walks into the Arthur Millers' comfortable, rambling white farmhouse in a still-pastoral part of Connecticut—whether the visitor is coming for a weekend, a day, a meal, or whatever—can possibly feel like a "separate person" from that moment on. He's instantly caught up, involved in the swirls and currents of energy, warmth, vitality, creative activity of all kinds—of talk, laughter, affection, jokes—of shared projects, plans, enjoyments, friends—that make up the closely-twined lives of Arthur and Inge Miller and their nine-year-old daughter, Rebecca. The house, set among 400 rolling green acres of pasture and woodland, was bought about ten years ago as a weekend and holiday retreat. It's now their year-round home—in the winter, Rebecca goes to day school in the neighborhood—and their roots here strike deeper every day. Quite literally, because they've planted 6,000 evergreens on the surrounding hillsides, plus nine varieties of ornamental trees for landscaping. (Their Christmas tree last year, a 12-foot Douglas fir, came from a tiny seedling they had planted in the early days.) More roots, many of them edible, are provided by Inge's vast horn-of-plenty vegetable garden—she grows almost every known vegetable except squash (which Arthur dislikes). This garden keeps on pouring forth its bounties all year around, because Inge preserves, freezes, or cold-stores so much of its produce. Her marvelous homemade bortsch is almost always on tap—hot in winter, cold in summer. . . . Then there are the herb garden, the espaliered pears and plums, the five kinds of apples, the cherries and quinces; the strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries; and the cantaloupes that grow on the compost heap. . . . "When you live here all the time, you can do it," said Arthur. He takes care of the place single-handed—gardening, mowing, hauling ("I have a tractor that does a lot of stuff"). He's also a skilled carpenter and repairman (and a competent metalworker), who has done a large part of the remodeling of the house and barn himself—using the old weathered planks and sidings wherever possible, and leaving all the old oak and chestnut beams in place. Arthur helped turn the barn silo into an enchanting little medieval tower for Inge, with two round, sun-flooded rooms one above the other, floored in black-and-white squares: one for art books, one for layouts. ("I'm a medieval person at heart," said Inge. "Very medieval—or very modern.") (Continued)

The Millers, home in the country

Top row, left to right: A corner of the Millers' dining room; Gouache in reds, yellows, blues by Alexander Calder, a neighbor and close friend. Cabinet stuffed with memorabilia—a Russian bowl, Mexican plate, Arabian coffeepots; pebbles, seashells, daggers, boxes. . . . Inge Miller in the garden, sorting apples for homemade apple sauce. (Her tie-dye blue-jeans outfit came from France.) . . . Inge. . . . Laying out photographs on the porch. . . . In the dining room, plants and herbs in a sunny window. . . . Arthur Miller. . . . Center row: The house—parts of which date back to 1790—and barn, now Arthur's workshop and Inge's studio. . . . Entrance hall: "Arthur made these overpopulated clothes hangers." . . . Bottom row: Inge, picking up windfalls. . . . Arthur, Inge, and Andrew Schiltz, an architect friend, discuss remodeling plans at the kitchen table (made by Arthur). . . . Right: Inge does yoga exercises every morning from 6 to 7: "It helps me to discipline myself in all other ways."

TONI FRISSELL



A weekend with the Arthur Millers

All these activities go on in the afternoons; in the mornings—weekends included—he writes, for four to six hours, in his telephoneless studio a few hundred yards from the house. . . . It's obvious that a weekend guest who liked gardening or other rustic pursuits could keep happily occupied at the Millers'. For those who don't, there are plenty of other diversions—many of which center around the big, tree-lined pond that lies just below the house. It has a small sand beach, a dinghy that can be rowed or sailed for exploring its farther reaches; in the summer, lunch is apt to be a picnic beside the pond. (Inge takes a before-breakfast swim every day she's there, from late May to October.) . . . For tennis players, there's a town court in the nearest village, and two more courts are available at the houses of friends nearby, the William Styrons and the Cleve Grays (Mrs. Gray is the writer, Francine du Plessix Gray). For most weekend guests, the local passion for picnics provides plenty of exercise—involving, as it often does, clambering up and down woodsy Berkshire mountainsides to get the choicest views. (Continued on page 114)

A picnic with Voznesensky

One weekend, the poet Andrei Voznesensky, just in from Moscow, was staying with the Millers. A picnic on a hilltop was organized by neighbors Harrison and Charlotte Salisbury (Mr. Salisbury is Editor of the Op-Ed page of The New York Times; Mrs. Salisbury co-authored a recent book about Sikkim). The other guests: Henry Carlisle, whose latest book is Voyage to the First of December; his wife, Olga, who has translated many of Voznesensky's poems; Robert Osborn, the cartoonist, and his wife Elodie, an authority on modern painting and films. Right (clockwise): Robert, Charlotte, Inge, Rebecca Miller, Arthur, Andrei, Olga, Harrison, Elodie, Henry. Above: The picnickers, led by Olga and Andrei.

TONI FRISSELL



A weekend with the Arthur Millers





Arthur with Rebecca, an enchanting nine-year-old who "takes a large part in everything." There are family trips, musicales, art projects; a family puppet theater in the barn studio—"we are great puppeteers." . . . Rebecca feels that all Miller pets should be named after her. The dachshund accepted the name "Becky Two," but the cat rebelled at being called "Miss Rebecca." She had come to them as Virginia; Virginia she remains.

After the picnic shown on preceding page, most of the group moved back to the Millers' for dinner at the long table made by Arthur out of aged cherrywood. (The same scene is visible in the background, opposite page.) Wine is sometimes served from a bottle with a magnificently illegible label made by their friend Saul Steinberg. Walls and shelves are lined with paintings and artifacts by other friends—Calder, Cleve Gray, Hans Richter; objects collected by Arthur and Inge on their travels; old Sèvres china from Inge's home in Austria. ***Inge in the kitchen,*** left, seen from the pass-through that leads to the dining room (it's also shown in photograph above). She's surrounded by colanders, sieves, other utensils; jars and bunches of dried and fresh herbs from her own garden. Unseen here are the many jars of jams, fruits, vegetables, she puts up herself. . . . Inge, who couldn't boil an egg when she married Arthur, now says, "I consider myself a rather raffiné cook."

TONI FRISSELL

End of the day:

Grownups linger at the table; Rebecca, in her best Florentine nightgown, plays with her cat before going up to bed. The big Russian-doll tea cozy was brought to her by Voznesensky.



"foreign journalists
write of English country
houses that exist
only in the banality
of their imaginations"

"the English, perhaps
better than most, know
how to live comfortably"

"a glow
comes from
fresh air,
from sweeping
beech leaves,
from pulling
up river weeds"





ENGLISH WEEKEND:
THE ORIGINAL

de-mythed, the real English week-end exposed

BY CECIL BEATON

A love of the countryside is inherent in most Englishmen: recently, the urge to flee the city with its accelerated tempo and revved-up machines has become acute. The weekend is now, more than ever, a national institution.

At the end of the nineteenth century, the "Saturdays to Mondays" (the word "weekend" was considered "non-U" by the Edwardians) was a ritualistic affair of huge, formal meals, many changes of costume, and enforced entertainments. This was endured by a small, privileged group whose boredom was mitigated by the presence of the Prince of Wales and his mistresses. They knew that, as Oscar Wilde said, to be in society is merely a bore; to be out of it, simply a tragedy. But today, the weekend, which now starts on a Friday evening and ends after lunch on Sunday, is enjoyed, for relaxation and repose, by anyone who is fortunate enough to know someone living in the countryside.

Soon after the guests arrive, the gentle rustic therapy begins to work; a glow comes from fresh air, from sweeping beech leaves, from pulling up river weeds, or even merely from going for a walk. Foreign journalists write of English country houses that exist only in the banality of their imaginations. They give a picture of tattered silk four-posters, hard mattresses, and draughts; perhaps they even try to rustle up a ghost. But they know nothing of the changes that have taken place. Today, it is all quite easy and, to an extent, free; for host and guest now enjoy an independence that is acceptable to all, and there are lesser obligations. Guests are even encouraged to leave the precincts (there was a time when they were prisoners) to go off on their own to look for medieval churches, for Art Deco finds in antique shops or to buy standard honeysuckle from a neighboring nursery garden. No signs of effort or stress are present; and it is not necessary for the hostess, in order that her party should run smoothly, to swallow tranquilizers or to hand them out to the "help."

The English, perhaps better than most, know how to live comfortably. In spite of what you may (Continued on next page)

Cecil Beaton's real-weekend scrapbook, *photographs he took at past English house parties. 1. The Viscount Rothermere with his weekend guests. 2. A group at Chatsworth House, the country house in Derbyshire of The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. 3. Sunday walk before lunch: Lord Rothermere with the actor David Hemmings and his wife, Gayle Hunnicutt. 4. In the field, The Earl of Pembroke, Rupert Lycett Green, Michael Tree. 5. Dog handlers with their charges. 6. Lord and Lady David Cecil looking at the Chatsworth photograph album. 7. At Chatsworth, children at weekend ease. 8. The Earl and Countess of Harewood at Harewood House in Yorkshire.*

true Weekend history, starring Sunday breakfast

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Bérets, sweaters, tweeds and pearls
Are all one needs, to stay with earls

There must have been ends to weeks ever since the week was launched, about three-and-a-half millennia ago, in Asia Minor, with a booster eighteen centuries later from the Emperor Constantine the Great. But the weekend, in its social sense, was the invention of Victorian England. The Victorian "Saturday to Monday" was the natural stage for such awesome domestic characters as Bertrand Russell's miserly aunt, who ostentatiously collected the uneaten scraps of bacon from her guests' discarded breakfast plates and replaced them in the dish for latecomers; or the Hertfordshire plutocrat-turned-puritan who carried off the morning and evening deliveries of mail and only distributed the letters, disapprovingly, to their addressees when the household retired for the night; or the monkey-faced, fox-hunting Pembrokeshire squire who insisted on having his entire house party herded down into the hall before dinner to witness his own ceremonial descent from the topmost landing, on a rope.

Even in the 'thirties, there were still such weekend figures as the "invisible peeress": a dowager in the Shires who continued to invite relatives and friends to stay with her, though she herself, for more than a decade, had taken to getting up only after everyone else had gone to bed and disappearing again to her bedroom before her domestic staff, not to mention her guests, got up in the morning. And there was the considerably younger peer, at whose weekends in Wales the human beings who had been invited were apt to find ravens, owls, eagles—and allegedly even crocodiles—among their fellow guests. But since a prime function of the country-house weekend was to provide guests with a good story or two, a degree of mild eccentricity in host or hostess was acceptable; and one should not take too seriously, for example, the memorable definition of the weekend contained in "Chips" Channon's diary entry for July 6, 1936—"forty-eight hours of social crucifixion." Many English weekends of the period, notably those at the diarist's house in Essex, were not only splendidly luxurious but singularly enjoyable.

The lavish Victorian Sunday breakfasts survived into the 'thirties, too, and the variety and quantity of food was staggering: On the "hot" sideboard, in silver chafing dishes and flame-heated metal trays, were: porridge; eggs boiled, scrambled, poached, or fried; bacon, sausages, deviled game, kidneys, sometimes even cutlets; creamed haddock, grilled herrings, kippers, and kedgeree. On the "cold" sideboard: York ham, tongue, potted meats, pressed pheasant, pork pies, game pies, game birds, cheese, salmon. The whole was accompanied by an abundance of breads, scones, buns, crumpets, muffins with butter, jam, honey, and marmalade, and by hot coffee. Breakfast was the only meal at which one helped oneself, and one did so without stinting—breakfast might last for hours.

The first recorded use of the word "weekend," to denote a (Continued on page 116)

bring back Sunday breakfast

Right: *Shined silver on the sideboard, muddy boots in the terrace door, hot-plates, hothouse fruits, every possible newspaper and magazine at hand: all this plus the great English breakfast makes American weekend sense as, say, the one meal scene on Sunday when the guests are leaving in the afternoon. Not so much brunch, possibly, as brupper. The tea and coffee service photographed here is Duchess in Gorham Silverplate, the double one-quart warming dish and single two-quart warming dishes, both with alcohol burners, are Newport Silverplate by Gorham. Wellington boots from H. Kaufman & Sons Saddlery Co.*

HORST

(Continued) have heard, they perfer warm rooms and good food which, since they like it not to come out of tins, they grow. If they enjoy roast grouse, they realize someone has to shoot the birds; and the organization of the shoots is often on a vast scale. Is there any harm in the fact that the beaters, dog handlers, or loaders seem to be so well-disposed and smile from the heart? (Surely it is a relief not to have to guard against that sudden animosity which at any moment surfaces in the general strain of cities, when quite unexpectedly one might be told forthwith to go off and have a relationship with one's grandmother?) It is not true that those well-mannered sportsmen who enjoy hunting, to quote Wilde again, should be classified as "the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable." The people who hunt foxes or go to the rivers for fish are often those who particularly love the countryside, and while on horseback or on foot with a gun or a rod they enjoy its continual delights. Country people often possess a philosophy that is difficult to cultivate in the stress of town life.

The word goes round: there is another weekend party of sixteen guests up at "the big house." Maybe it is in honor of a neighboring ball, a coming-of-age, a cricket match on the home ground, or the King of Greece arriving to shoot pheasants. At Chatsworth, the Duchess of Devonshire uses her tireless imagination to give her guests greater fun than the Duke's grandparents could have provided when the staff was twenty times its present size. Lady Lambton shows extraordinary resourcefulness in the easy manner with which she provides, in three large country houses, for enormous shooting parties, every comfort and luxury including log fires in each bedroom. The regiment of servants in white coats and pinstripe trousers that she has corralled for the occasion is composed of the sons of local gardeners or policemen or of off-duty officials. But many of the young today have become disenchanted with the impersonal life in factories and find more freedom when they are employed in private houses.

Near me in Wiltshire there are several households where the talk is as good as is to be heard in a university college. Music critics, novelists, biographers, and television producers come down on the 3:10 P.M. train. They are greeted by people with faces, they remark, much less harassed and drawn than those they have left behind. Some of these weekend guests seem to be everywhere. Such a one is Mrs. Frances Partridge, a leading figure in the world of Bloomsbury that whirled in the vortex around Lytton Strachey. Lord David Cecil and his bright-eyed family are at the gates to meet this delightful bobbed grisette who is booked for weekends months ahead, for she is the ideal guest: witty, appreciative, and totally unselfish. One moment she will be up a ladder fixing a sagging pelmet; the next giving advice on someone's literary efforts. Cathleen Nesbitt, the actress, is also a great favorite; for nobody is more easy about the house, replete with an extraordinary knowledge of literature, and with a fount of anecdotes told with a perfection of detail. She is, at the same time, vociferously appreciative of the good stories of others. A lesson to all guests.

A weekend provides an excuse to break out of one's own rut. A book found by your bedside may fire the imagination and (Continued on page 114)


CARDIFF REV
WITH CUP SH
Ball's magic
for sad
DEVIZES KEEP UP RUN
THE QUIET GENIUS

A WEEKEND WITH THE ARTHUR MILLERS

(Continued from page 106)

A rainy day would be no problem. . . .

Like all weekend hostesses, Inge does a large part of the cooking in advance—but casseroles, the traditional standbys, bore her (a situation she sums up with Inge-esque vividness: "This casserole comes out my ears already"). Instead, one main dish might be a wild rabbit marinated for two days and cooked in red wine. For picnics, she feels the food should be light—"you don't want to be so full when you walk down the mountain." She sometimes makes an omelette with peppers, tomatoes, and onions—baked on both sides and served cold, cut in wedges—from a recipe Picasso gave her; or a veal-and-ham pâté, "like a *pâté maison,* but very light"; or *oeufs en gelée* with fresh tarragon, if the picnic is fairly close to home ("otherwise they melt"). The vegetable garden provides torrents of *crudités,* and a marvelous cold vegetable dish that resembles *ratatouille* but has far less oil. Cold chicken, perhaps; fresh bread—Inge bakes long French *baguettes,* in tins made by Arthur; and always, cheese, fruit, white wine, coffee. . . .

A weekend guest who arrived early might be able to accompany Inge on a last-minute marketing sweep. This is a far-flung, dashing operation that may touch down at a supermarket in one village, a cheese shop in another, a gourmet shop in a third, and end up at a Russian monastery—an unexpected asset for this part of the world—where Inge buys marvelous honey and practices her Russian on the elderly monks. (She learned it for the two trips to Russia with Arthur, in 1966 and '68, that resulted in their memorable book, *In Russia.*)

In the Introduction to his *Collected Plays,* Arthur Miller wrote of "the marvelous spectacle of life forcing one event out of the jaws of the preceding one." On a weekend with the Millers, though, events seem to succeed each other in a delightfully unforced way. . . . On Saturday and Sunday, as on every other day (except when he has to be in New York), Arthur appears from his studio around lunchtime; then, plans crystallize, gears mesh smoothly. Perhaps the whole group has been asked to lunch at a neighbor's house. Or, the plan may be to picnic on a mountaintop, or in some other scenic locale. However, if it's a beautiful hot day, the whole action—hosts, guests, lunch and all—may simply move downhill to the pond, where a weeping willow hangs decoratively over the water—there to swim, lunch, sunbathe, talk, watch frogs, dabble about in the dinghy, talk some more. . . .

The rest of the afternoon might be taken up with tennis or walking, going to a country auction, or antiqueing in the neighborhood (which is rich in historic houses and juicy antique shops). More friends will probably arrive for dinner, which, like lunch, will be leisurely, chatty, delicious. After dinner, there may be music, sometimes a bit of dancing—although, as Inge remarked, "mostly the conversations are too interesting." And after that, anyone who's game can join Inge in the last swim of the day. . . . At some point, the nonstop, wide-ranging conversation may touch on Inge's and Arthur's current projects: hers, a new book about Connecticut—a collection of her sensitive photographs of landscapes and people—to be published soon; his, a new play called *The Creation of the World and Other Business,* scheduled for September production (casting is already under way), which he describes as "a catastrophic comedy."

What if the weekend's a rainy one? It would have to be an awfully hard-to-please guest who couldn't find something to read at the Millers'—where a tide of new and old books surges and churns through the house, from the livingroom walls and tables to the overflowing bookcases of the top-floor guest room; books in French, German, Russian, as well as English; books of every possible kind and category—as shown by five picked up at random: a *History of the Connecticut Indians,* a life of Freud, a richly-illustrated book on Van Gogh, Morison's *Short History of the United States, Letters of Chekhov.*

A guest who hadn't been there before could spend a happy hour or more simply examining the paintings and personal treasures with which the house is crammed. In the living room (once the farmhouse kitchen) a whole wall is hung with works by Saul Steinberg—with whom Inge collaborated on an enchanting book, *Masks.* One of the brown-paper masks is there; so is a marriage certificate for Inge and Arthur, elaborately engrossed, scrolled, flourished, beribboned, sealed, gold-framed, and impenetrably mysterious; so is Arthur as A. Lincoln, majestically elongated, thin as a darning needle, seen through a sort of crossbow slit; so is an oddly shaped but jazzy-looking record, the "Inge Morath Serenade." . . . Propped against the fireplace is a four-color blowup of the jacket of *In Russia*—Arthur, photographed by Inge, in a troika with three steaming horses. Plants seem to flourish everywhere—geraniums, camellias, orange trees. Sofas are strewn with bright-colored wool pillows made by Inge in a hooked-rug technique—and an actual hooked rug, still unfinished, is bunched in a big workbasket. On the floor in front of the fireplace are two pillows Inge made from the saddlebags of the camel she rode in Iran, while working on her book, *De la Perse à l'Iran*—in the photograph on page 109, Rebecca is seen leaning against them. (In the dining room are the tufted wool bridles of the mule team Inge drove in Spain when she was doing another book, *Fiesta in Pamplona.*) . . . The fireplace itself was built by Arthur out of local granite. It is L-shaped, wrap-around, so it can be seen and enjoyed from the living room, the dining room, and even the kitchen—a notably cheerful arrangement.

On the staircase, and elsewhere, are theatrical posters of Arthur's plays as produced in various foreign countries—Spain, Italy, Russia, Japan. Modestly bunched in a poorish light on the second-floor landing are some of his citations and awards: the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for *All My Sons, Death of a Salesman,* and *A View From the Bridge* (which also won a Pulitzer Prize); the Antoinette Perry Award for *The Crucible;* the Gold Medal for Drama of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Hanging with these is the framed engraver's plate of the jacket of *Death of a Salesman* in the paperback edition, presented to Arthur in March, 1968, when the 1,000,000th copy was sold. . . . The visitor's attention is not called to these, however, so much as to another exhibit on the second floor: the doll's house Arthur made for Rebecca, a palatial three-storey affair with balconies.

Leaving the Millers', one guest was suddenly reminded of a line in *Death of a Salesman*—spoken by Biff, the rebellious older son: "A carpenter is allowed to whistle." ▼

ENGLISH WEEKEND

(Continued from page 112)

stimulate new and exciting vistas. Or one notices the changes in one's friends and the way they have come to live, think, and develop since the last time one saw them at such close quarters.

The weekend is always likely to provide some surprise or excitement, or contain a little extra entertainment: a festival of music or poetry reading in an ancient church, the village grocer wearing a top hat and morning coat in order to obey the Queen's summons to a garden party at Buckingham Palace. A few weeks ago my gardener and his wife were amazed to see a fox rush towards them, leap over the low wall that had just been built, dash across the lawn, under the rose hedge, then up to the paddock with a pack of hounds in hot pursuit. News of the countryside may arrive: of a scandal—a husband, with a distinguished career behind him, overnight leaving a wife in favor of a young girl—or of stark tragedy when a housekeeper shoots herself in a nearby garden. Life in the country is not just a bumpkin affair.

On your return to the city, you bring from the boot of your car a brace of pheasants, fresh-picked salads or vegetables, and a bundle of flowers unlike those you buy at the florist. With the birdsong still in your ears, with fresh stimuli in your mind, and, best of all, quite possibly with a new interest in your heart, you are even likely to feel fortified for the battle of the oncoming week. ▼

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH MAXIME,

packing a weekend basket:

MARCHESA CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Weekending means going home for Marchesa Catherine di Montezemolo, a cheerful blue-eyed American woman with bright-white hair and a geranium's glow. She and her husband, Marchese Alessandro di Montezemolo (the representative in the United States of Generali, a European insurance company, and president of its American subsidiaries), leave their high-sky-view apartment on New York's United Nations Plaza to drive to a long-low seashore house in Southampton, New York, built on land, "potato fields," that belonged to her mother and surrounded by houses of a "whole mess of relations," including her sister's. Cathy and Alessandro like the Long Island silence after a week of city crash-and-blare (Cathy works all around town as Vogue's Executive Fashion Editor), put on thermal underwear for early-spring walks on the beach.

Alessandro takes a hand in the menu planning. Italian wines, fruits and vegetables not in season bought in city markets, ingredients from a health-food shop, all these go with the Di Montezemolos in a big market basket, with laundry hampers holding any overflow. With them, too, goes Argia Felici, an Umbrian cook of enormous skill, and her long Italian rolling pin. Cathy is packing the pin in the photograph, *above right*. Argia makes all the pasta for the first courses (pasta is interchangeable with soup in an Italian menu) just before she cooks it. The rolling pin is a two-and-one-half-inch wooden dowel about thirty inches long; a lumberyard is the best source for it in this country. Here, weekend Di Montezemolo menus, with Argia's recipes for starred dishes—translated from the Italian by Cathy.

SATURDAY LUNCH

Pizza rustica
Insalata mista
Frutta fresca
Espresso
Wine: Soave Bolla Bianco

SATURDAY DINNER

Sformato di tagliatelle*
Arrosto alla panna con contorno
Macedonia di frutta
Espresso
Wine: Bianco Antinori

SUNDAY LUNCH

Risotto alla Piemontese
Pesce in bianco con mayonnaise
Frutta fresca
Espresso
Wine: Soave Bolla Bianco

SUNDAY DINNER

Tagliatelle colorate*
Petti di pollo al limone con contorno
Frutta fresca
Espresso
Wine: Soave Bolla Bianco

SFORMATO DI TAGLIATELLE

Pasta: *2 cups flour* *4 eggs* *4 half-eggshells water*

Pile flour in center of kitchen table; make a well in center. Put eggs and water in well and work all ingredients together with hands and fingers until well mixed, at least 20 minutes. Form dough into a ball (or, for a short rolling pin, two balls), and roll out until it is almost paper thin. Spread



Maxime McKendry (left) with Cathy, completing the weekend menus. Cathy calls good food and exercise her "addictions," wants to add a gym to her beach house.

THOM LAFFERTY



Cathy di Montezemolo (right) and her Italian cook, Argia Felici, pack up

flat on kitchen towel to dry at least 5 minutes. Sprinkle with flour; fold circle of dough in 2-inch folds from opposite sides until folded portions meet in center, then fold one over the other. Cut in ½-inch slices to form strips. Bring 2 gallons slightly salted water to a boil; add pasta and cook 2 minutes. Test quickly; *do not overcook*. Drain in colander.

Bechamelle:

4 tablespoons flour
½ pound butter
1 quart milk
½ pound Gruyère cheese, cut in small pieces or grated
4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
4 eggs

Preheat oven to 500°. Combine flour, milk, and butter in saucepan and heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Turn heat very low and add cheese and eggs, still stirring. When smooth, pour one-quarter of sauce into a buttered oven-proof dish; add cooked pasta and mix well. Pour remaining sauce over top. Bake until well browned, about 15 to 20 minutes. Serve instantly.

TAGLIATELLE COLORATE

White pasta:

1 ½ cups flour ***3 eggs*** ***3 half-eggshells water***

Follow directions for pasta in previous recipe.

Green pasta:

1 ½ cups flour ***2 eggs*** ***1 pound fresh spinach***

Wash spinach and boil until tender. Squeeze excess water from leaves in a towel. Rub spinach through a sieve until puree is consistency of cream. Make pasta as above, using spinach in place of water.

Red pasta:

1 ½ cups flour ***2 eggs*** ***3 tablespoons tomato paste***

Follow directions above, using tomato paste in place of water.

Sauce:

10 medium mushrooms
¼ pound Gruyère cheese, cut in small pieces or grated
2 cups milk
4 egg yolks
4 slices cooked ham

Wash mushrooms, slice, and simmer in a little water until just tender. Combine Gruyère cheese and milk in saucepan and let soak 15 minutes. Heat until cheese is half melted; add egg yolks, ham (cut in small pieces), and mushrooms. Stir constantly over low heat until heated to boiling point.

Cook colored pastas according to the directions above; drain. Toss each pasta with a lump of butter and arrange in three mounds on a deep serving platter (or cook and serve the three together). Pour over the sauce, top with grated Parmesan cheese. Surround with slices of hard-cooked egg.

(Continued from page 112)

English weekends: when a monkey-faced host slid down a rope; owls and crocodiles were guests; and, in the night, an invisible peeress walked

weekly period when business was suspended, dates from the late 1870's. The appearance of "weekend tickets," soon after, suggests that the origin of the weekend habit was connected with the increasing affluence of the English businessman and with the increasing availability of railroad transport. Like most English contributions to history, the weekend was a compromise: between the middle class's humdrum habit of working in cities and towns and their romantic yearning to emulate the aristocracy's leisured country life.

During the next half-century, the habit of entertaining or being entertained in the country at the weekend was a prerogative of the privileged and the prosperous. In the greater country houses, the older habit of visits "for a week" (meaning Tuesday to Friday) coexisted with the newer habit of visits from "Saturday to Monday." (In the upper ranges of English society, the word "weekend" was taboo at least until the 'twenties.) Both visits were designed for pleasure, but the amateur theatricals, monologues, and sketches that were a feature of "weeks" at Chatsworth, for example, would scarcely have been possible even to rehearse during a Saturday-to-Monday visit, let alone to perform, since one didn't *act* on a Sunday.

A "week" at Eaton might consist of four consecutive days of fox hunting, but one didn't *hunt* on a Sunday either. At Blenheim, a shooting "week" provided four days of sport for the men and entailed sixteen changes of dress for the women.

If it is hard not to marvel at the endurance of late Victorian or Edwardian guests, it is harder still not to pity their hostesses, who were expected to oversee the arrangements for the comfort of up to thirty guests (each accompanied by a valet or a lady's maid), whether for four days or for two. "How I *wish*," one Englishwoman confided to her diary on January 17, 1910, "we hadn't so many pheasants!"

In the early evolution of the weekend and the gradual relaxation of its formal rules, two American women played a part: the Duchess of Marlborough, born Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York, and Lady Cunard, born Maud Burke of New York. They had little in common except for their nationality by birth and the fact that they had both married, and were eventually both separated from, English husbands. They knew one another well for over half a century, but they were not close friends.

After eleven years as mistress of Blenheim, where she dutifully entertained the then Prince and Princess of Wales (the future King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra), Kaiser Wilhelm, the German Crown Prince, and countless British statesmen and foreign Ambassadors, Consuelo Marlborough went to live on her own in a smaller, older country house in Sussex, where she gave parties simply for her friends. As she was later to record, it wasn't difficult to entertain them: they liked to work in the garden, as she did.

Lady Cunard's début in Victorian English society was less exalted. Her husband, Sir Bache Cunard, was a Master of Foxhounds and a Baronet; the Cunard family had formerly been Philadelphia merchants. Largely because the then Prince of Wales found Maud Cunard amusing, her Saturdays to Mondays at Nevill Holt, her husband's seat in Leicestershire, became socially acceptable in the late 1890's—at least for the "faster" set. The originality of her entertainment consisted partly in the unusual comfort she contrived to provide (in a house dating from the thirteenth century) and the excellence of the food, but above all, in her talent for mixing conventional with unconventional couples, politicians with artists and intellectuals, and in her gift, amounting to genius, for endowing one and all with a measure of her own famously frivolous wit.

World War I halted England's grander weekenders in their tracks. Symbolically, it broke out during what would now be called a "long weekend." After August Bank Holiday Monday of 1914, the trappings of country-house living proceeded to fall dramatically apart. Fathers and sons, butlers, footmen, valets, keepers, kennelmen, coachmen, grooms—and hacks and hunters and carriage horses, too—were shipped to the Front. Stately homes were turned into convalescent homes for the wounded. Mothers and daughters became Red Cross nurses. Cooks, parlormaids, housemaids, kitchenmaids, skivvies, and tweenies went off to make munitions.

No sooner was the war over, however, than the weekend arose like a phoenix from its ashes. But it was rather less formidable and flamboyant than the prewar bird.

Outwardly, the earlier conception of Sunday as a holy day as well as part of a holiday persisted. At Matins in the parish churches, members of the landowning families still partially filled their family pews. Country-house children still yawned and fidgeted through the sermon. But few of them were any longer made to leave their butterfly nets at home during a Sunday afternoon walk. There was still no shooting on Sunday and frequently no using the services of the chauffeur either. But gradually golf and tennis came to be regarded as pardonable Sunday pastimes; the young were allowed to roll up the library or schoolroom carpet and dance to the Gramophone; boys and girls were permitted to play dominoes.

Men and women still dressed for dinner, but no woman in her senses changed her costume four times a day for four days on end. Since so many men now "worked" during the week, the prewar "week" as a regular period for a house party all but passed away. The term "Saturday to Monday" was eventually dropped, except by pedants and snobs.

Somewhere between 1920 and 1930—or so at least it seems to one who grew up in England between the wars—the English weekend grew up. Hosts and hostesses went on with their private occupations, from breakfast to luncheon, from luncheon to tea, from tea to dinner. Guests were left to their own devices. One explored the garden, sampled the books on the library shelves, got to know the dogs and horses, ambled to the village (if there was one), possibly went for a drive in a maze of local lanes, played charades.

If the modified version of the traditional country-house weekend was a welcome development, equally welcome was the even less formal country-cottage weekend that developed alongside it.

Surprisingly, though the outbreak of World War II once again symbolically disrupted an English weekend, throughout the course of that war the country-weekend habit persisted, not only for civilian war workers in government offices (let out, about once a month, to breathe) but for men and women in the armed services home between postings or on an occasional leave. Inevitably, the country-house weekend had been altered. In servantless, blacked-out, no longer adequately heated houses, many people sensibly had their meals in the kitchen or the servants' hall; and even the handiest of hostesses, making-do with Spam and powdered milk, a pheasant or two if she were lucky, could hardly produce a "groaning board." War conditions led to less "dressing for dinner." Since guests would probably have to carry their own luggage, they didn't overdo it, reflecting that:

Bérets, sweaters, tweeds,
and pearls
Are all one needs, to stay
with earls.

Since the last war's end, the English-weekend habit has spawned a multitude of descendants. French working girls fly to London to pick up bargains in British boutiques; Italians fly to Spain or Yugoslavia to shoot; the English themselves fly to Brussels for gastronomic weekends, to Switzerland for skiing, to Majorca for a spot of sun. But few, if any, of the most modern versions of the old habit, pleasant as they are, provide one particular pleasure: the mysterious private alliance that can often endure forever between human beings who happen once to have spent a mere two days together in an English weekend cottage or an English country house. ▼

ACCESSORIES

THE WEEKEND SPIRIT—CITY CLOTHES PLAN

Page 39. With the navy-and-white check pants by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gucci luggage and umbrella; Palizzio shoes, at Lord & Taylor.

Pages 40 and 47. With the white mohair coat from Henry Friedricks: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Van Raalte gloves; Palizzio shoes; Gucci luggage.

Page 41. K.J.L. earrings, at Altman's.

Pages 41, 42, 43. With her Aquascutum raincoat: William Tanenbaum hat; Kasper for J. L. Sport shirt; tie by Polo Ties; Charles Jourdan handbag; Crescendoe-Superb gloves; Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport pants; Palizzio shoes. With his Saint Laurent raincoat: Gucci umbrella; pants from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men.

Page 42. With the tie silk robe from Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique: Alexis Kirk pendant, at Henri Bendel; bracelet, also by Alexis Kirk.

Page 44 (lower left). With Main Street's black taffeta Inverness: Grandoe gloves; David Evins shoes.

Page 44 (right). With Valentino's long black dress: K.J.L. earrings; William de Lillo bracelets, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 45. With the pleated skirt, halter, and jacket by Bill Blass: Ruza Creations headband; K.J.L. bracelet, at Bloomingdale's; belt by Elegant (belt that comes with suit, not shown).

Page 46. With Jerry Silverman's foulard shirtdress: Ciner earrings; K.J.L. rings.

Page 47. With Bill Blass's navy-orange-and-ivory chiffon: Oscar de la Renta earrings; K.J.L. necklace, at Lord & Taylor; Bergère bracelets, at Bonwit Teller; Hanes tights. With his suit: bow tie by Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men.

SUN WEEKEND PLAN

Page 49 (upper left). With the one-shoulder maillot by Brigance: Riviera sunglasses.

Page 49 (right). With Valentino Boutique's turnout: Doro scarf; Riviera glasses.

Page 51 (left). With Diane von Fürstenberg's long print dress and cardigan: necklace by Bill Smith for Laguna; Donald Stannard ring; Customcraft sandals.

Page 51 (right). With Valentino's halter maillot and sarong: cuffs by Bill Smith for Laguna.

Page 52 (upper left). With the chopped raincoat from Misty Harbor: Madcaps hat; scarf by Echo.

Page 52 (right). With the pull and pants by Marianne Ohm: Madcaps hat; watch by Pierre Cardin for Lucien Piccard, at Bloomingdale's; El Greco clogs.

(Continued on page 118)

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FATIGUE

(Continued from page 95)

the suggestion that almost every woman is still in need of a "room of her own." More to the point is the strong position many doctors now take in favor of gratifying that need and the recognition it's received from men—intelligent to intellectual—married to women whose energies demand satisfying channels beyond the limits of husband, children, housework, and/or the social calendar.

Dr. Kramer advises women whose children have grown up (and widows) to find volunteer jobs because the simple act of getting out of the house and having a new interest usually gives them a boost in adjusting to the changed circumstances of their lives. Being helpful gives them a sense of belonging to the real world, and there are, in fact, important contributions volunteers can make—especially in the areas of hospitals and public health where they are desperately needed and appreciated. Not every woman's bag—some may prefer politics, museums, or learning to play a fine trombone.

Dr. Friess invariably suggests a "paying job"—something which shows tangible proof of a woman's abilities and contributions: "women have great potential that has never been tapped." . . . This idea may be on the march; not only are there more American women working now than ever before, but a Japanese housewife who recently took a job at a wigmaker's was quoted as saying, "I feel young again ever since I started working," and, with her family, she watches a new, very tangible color TV.

When danger signals are repeated—and, aside from those already mentioned, you can count the extra drink taken to give you a lift (which it can't since alcohol is ultimately a depressant), idleness, inability to concentrate, body tension, headaches—you should discuss them in detail with your doctor. Any woman who does not regularly see a good internist and a good gynecologist is plainly suffering from feebleness of intellect. Almost without exception, all of these doctors practice a degree of psychotherapy, and they can, because they know you, be of enormous help if you are totally honest with them. Since physical illness is their first concern, they are most likely to discover when fatigue is a symptom that points, even slightly, to organic disease. If physiological disorders are ruled out, or considered too slight to account for your very real pain or unhappiness, they are probably most knowledgeable and intuitive about helping you to search out the source of your problem. . . . At some point, one or all of you may realize that the cause of your fatigue is something none of you can firmly identify, and until that cause is uncovered, you will move jaggedly or steadily from fatigue to depression.

Although you may never have considered psychotherapy, a single question from a doctor you know—it may be as simple as, "Are you having any *fun*?"—may bring you around. First of all, you're not having any fun—that may come as a surprise when you're made to think about it. Secondly, you don't know why.

The dreamy old *New Yorker* cartoon of the psychiatrist seated behind a thoroughly revolting couch complete with patient is pretty much out of date. So—in most cases—is lengthy psychoanalysis. Short-term therapy, however, can often surface the reason for psychic fatigue and help you to use your native energy—not everyone has the same amount—most effectively. The doctor who knows you and your life-style best is probably best suited to finding a therapist for you. If you don't get on with him, find another. Psychiatrist-shopping is far from uncommon; the hunt may revive you—but only if, in the course of it, you learn something about yourself. . . . In pulling out of true depression, you may be aided by one of the therapeutic drugs that have safely and successfully cut down the time and anguish sometimes associated with exploring one's own hang-ups. Two of the commonest are anti-depressants: Tofranil and Elavil.

Try not to dwell on the fact that, once out of the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale rarely left her bed. Avoid the feelings of inadequacy and guilt summoned up by reviewing the Stanleys and the Livingstons. Nourish a Bonsai tree. . . . Go Out. . . . Have an Eggroll. . . . Have a Safari. . . . Have Two. . . . And in time, wake up refreshed, with a new flow of energy and pleasure in the world from which you temporarily withdrew. ▼

ACCESSORIES

(Continued from page 117)

Page 53. With Haymaker's tennis whites: Madcaps hat; Donald Stannard ring; shoes by Jacques Cohen for Miller Eye.

COUNTRY WEEKEND PLAN

Page 54. With the hacking-around jacket from Raincheetahs by Naman: Renauld glasses; shirt, Polo by Ralph Lauren; Korrigan for Jax sweater; Handcraft scarf; Gucci bracelet watch; Kayser gloves.

Page 55 (left). With the perfect country coat by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills: hat by Jacqueline for Genesis; K.J.L. earrings; Korrigan for Jax sweater; Grandoe gloves, at Altman's; Bob Lee bag, at Hunting World.

Page 55 (upper right). With Ledaspain's safari-jacket pants suit: Handcraft scarf; Korrigan for Jax sweater; Elegant belt; Crescendoe-Superb gloves.

Page 55 (lower right). With Pierre d'Alby's beige cotton corduroys: Riviera glasses; shirt, Polo by Ralph Lauren; shoes, Mario Valentino Boutique.

Page 56 (left). With Dennet Barry's beige knit shirt: Handcraft scarf; Elegant belt; Gucci bracelet.

Page 56 (right). With the jersey print shirt and pants from Chester Weinberg: necklace from Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf Goodman; Cadoro bracelets.

Page 57 (upper left). With the creamy terry robe from Cira: Marimekko scarf, at Design Research; Golo shoes.

Page 57 (center). With Missoni's turnout: Robert Originals earrings; Michael Danyon bracelet; Customcraft shoes.

Page 57 (lower right). With the brown linen knit polo shirt from Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique: hat, at Miller's; Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique scarf, at Bergdorf Goodman; Yves Saint Laurent belt; Gucci bracelet; Crescendoe-Superb gloves.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Page 58. With Vogue Pattern 8202: Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique glasses, at Bergdorf Goodman; Gregory & Goldberg shirt; belt by Elegant; Gucci bracelet; shoes, Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 59. With Vogue Pattern 8201: shirt, Polo by Ralph Lauren; Levi's for Gals tank top, at Macy's; Gucci necklaces used as belts; Gucci bracelet; shoes, Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

Page 96. With Weatherbee's écru twill poncho: hat by Jean-Charles Brosseau; Grandoe gloves; Korrigan for Jax sweater; pants by Société Commerciale d'Outre Atlantique, at Macy's.

Page 97 (left). With the beige poplin chopper from Main Street: hat by Jean-Charles Brosseau; Kayser gloves; umbrella by Louis Vuitton, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

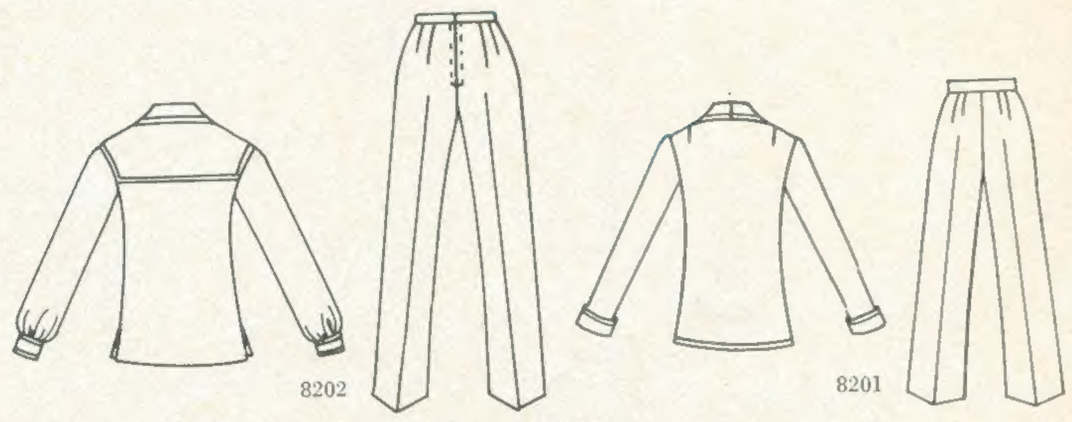
Page 97 (right). With Aquanala's rainy-day smock: hat by Jean-Charles Brosseau; bag and umbrella by Louis Vuitton, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 98. With Patou's red canvas rainsuit: beret by Irving Paul for Capadors; Kay Fuchs gloves; Lady Manhattan shirt; umbrella from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop; Tretorn boots.

Page 99. With the long raincoat by Calvin Klein: Bausch & Lomb glasses; Fownes gloves; Chantal de Vassieu belt; Gucci umbrella; Tretorn boots.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 58-59; other views, yardages, details)



Left: The shirt-jacket pants suit. Vogue Pattern 8202. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 10 jacket requires 1⅝ yards—and pants, 1½ yards—of 60″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75. . . . *Right:* The sweater-jacket pants suit. Vogue Pattern 8201. Sizes 8 to 16. Jacket requires 1⅞ yards—and pants, 1⅜ yards—of 60″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.

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